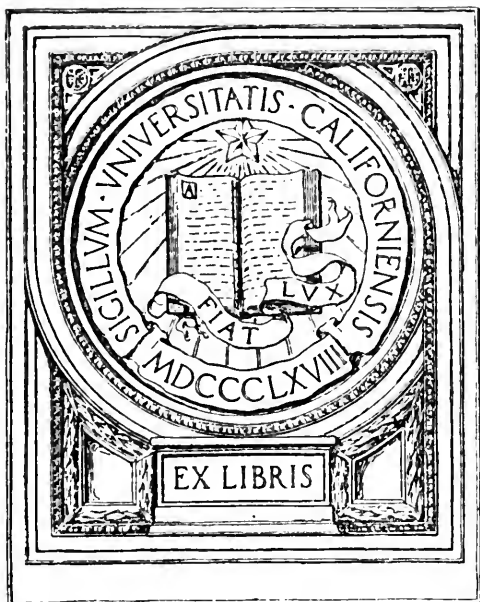


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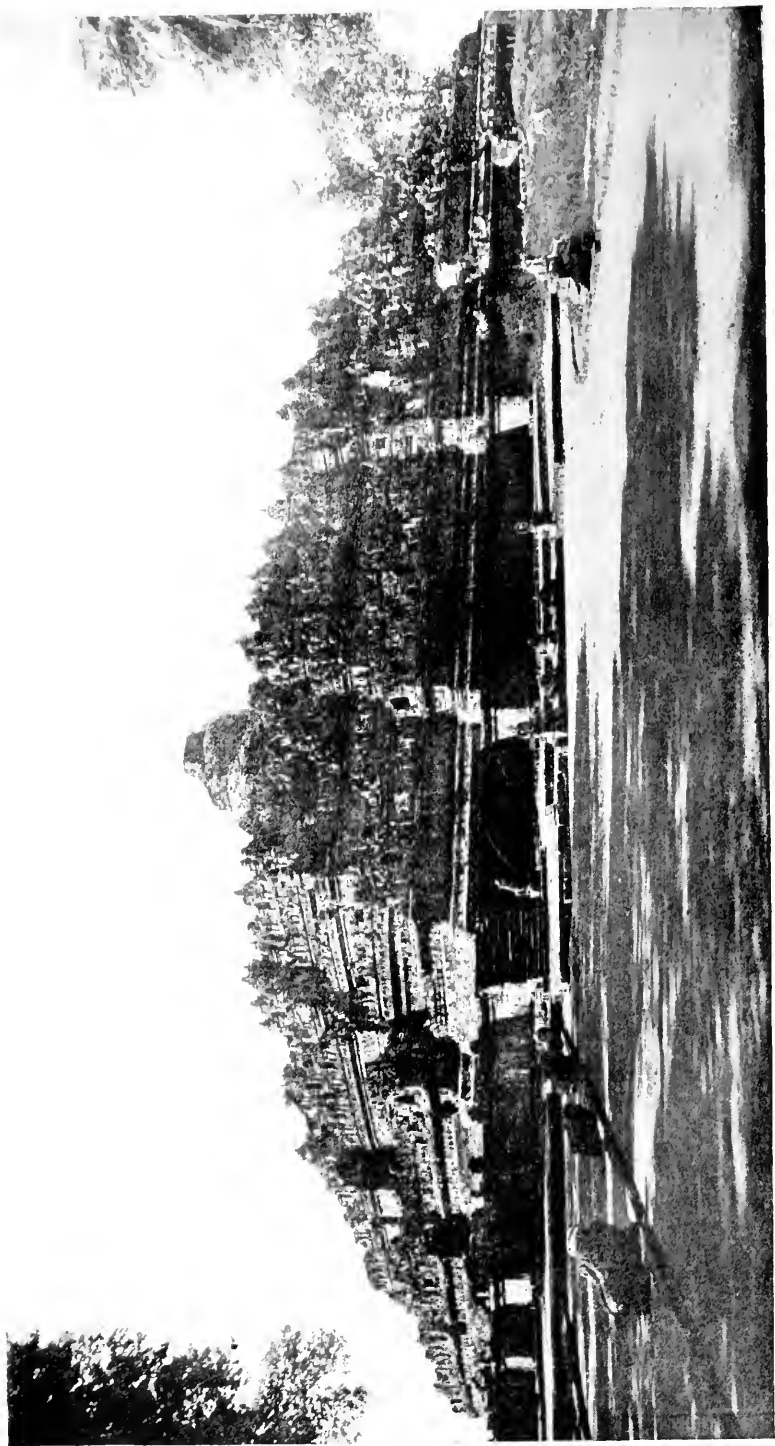
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A JOURNEY  
TO JAVA

To  
My brother and sister-in law  
(Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMillan)  
to whose kindness I owe my  
Journey to Java,  
I gratefully dedicate this book





BORO BOEDOR TEMPLE



# A JOURNEY TO JAVA

BY

M. McMILLAN

*With 34 Illustrations*

HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM:  
ADELPHI, LONDON

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## PREFACE

I wish to offer my best thanks to my fellow travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Giles, their niece, Miss Smith, and to Mrs. Shrimpton, for allowing me to use some of their photographs in this book. Also to Miss Butters, F. H. Sikes, Esq., and Professor F. Wright, of Washington, U.S.A., for their kind encouragement and criticism. But especially do I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Miss Edith Rowe for her unwearied expenditure of time and trouble in revising my manuscript and assisting me in the correction of the proofs.

M. McMILLAN.

London.

November, 1914.



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# A JOURNEY TO JAVA

## CHAPTER I

### SYDNEY TO BRISBANE: THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

WE left Sydney (N.S.W.) on March 1st in the Mataram, one of the new steamers of the Burns Philp line, commanded by Captain John Williams. It was a steady boat of 3,300 tons, and far superior to the older and smaller ones of the Company in use hitherto. The state-rooms and saloons were admirably appointed with every modern convenience, and the food was very good. It was only in the matter of bathroom accommodation for ladies, that there was some room for improvement. One bath for 28 ladies and children seemed an inadequate supply, and if you wished to use it, meant a scramble, or else getting up abnormally early. I was much amused to find that some ladies had hit on the expedient of getting up about 5 o'clock a.m., and after performing their ablutions, returning to their berths and their slumbers; not a very satisfactory proceeding in the tropics. To add to the discomfort, our bathroom was situated in one of the hottest parts of the ship, so that the hot room in the Turkish Hamman

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

might be called cool in comparison, and the result was the reverse of refreshing. The weather was very rough between Sydney and Brisbane, and most of the time the portholes had to be closed, which was a great trial in such warm weather. However, all fared alike, as there are no deck cabins on these boats, the sleeping accommodation being below the dining and smoking rooms. These latter open on the deck, and above them is a very comfortable saloon, situated on the top or promenade deck, where our chairs were arranged.

These steamers leave Sydney once a month, and every alternate month they include New Guinea in the trip, taking letters, stores and cargo to that island. The Mataram was not the New Guinea boat, and for that reason had been chosen by our party, as we had no desire to leave the smooth waters inside the Barrier Reef for the stormy waves of the Coral Sea, nor did we wish to lose four days of our time in Java. However, fate was too strong for us, and to New Guinea we were obliged to go. A few days before the time fixed for sailing, we heard to our surprise and annoyance, that on account of the wreck of the Moresby (another steamer of the same line) a short time before on the dangerous New Guinea

## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

coast, the Mataram had to take its place, so that the white inhabitants of the land of Papua might not suffer for lack of food and other necessities. It was useless to protest, and there was no time for change of plans; personally, I was rather glad of the opportunity of visiting such a little known and out of the way country, and of having a chance of obtaining some interesting snapshots. I should not have been so pleased had I been able to foresee what fearful storms were to be encountered on the way. It is well the future is so mercifully hidden from us; else how could we enjoy the present?

We had a full complement of passengers, about 46 in number, all first class, as the Mataram carried neither second nor steerage. I was fortunate in getting a most comfortable double berth cabin to myself, with a promise that I should keep it all the way, provided no lady passenger turned up at Brisbane or Cairns to claim the second berth. It was my first experience of Chinese stewards; only the chief and second stewards were white men; all the others wore the pigtail and used to tuck the ends into the pocket of the white jacket worn while waiting at table, so that it might be out of the way. Clad all in white, they looked ex-

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

tremely clean and smart, but their faces seemed so much alike that up to the very end of the voyage I had difficulty in distinguishing one from the other.

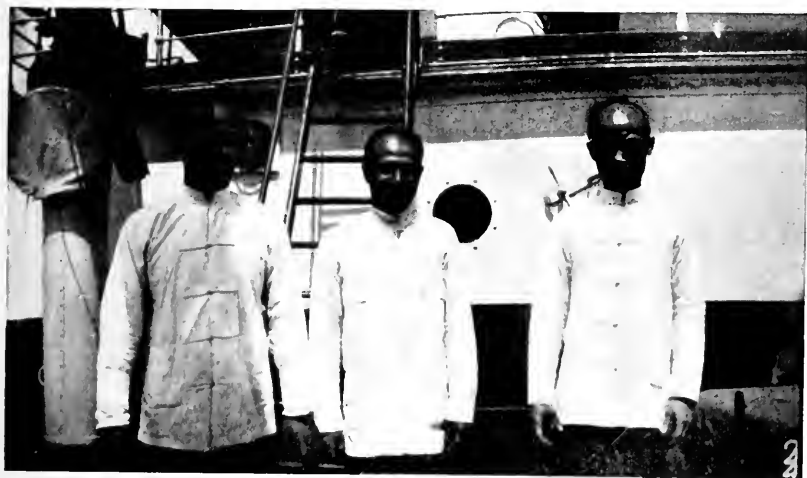
As we approached Brisbane the sea became calmer, and we could walk on deck without appearing to be learning to skate, also we were able to turn our thoughts from ourselves and take an interest in our fellow passengers.

Some of the men were on their way to New Guinea or Thursday Island, either for business purposes or to take up appointments. One passenger for Thursday Island was connected with the pearl fishery there, and showed us some lovely pearls and curious pearl blisters. The latter owe their name to their being spread out like a blister instead of being rounded off into the orthodox pearl shape. They have their own special value, and are sold at fairly high prices, to be made into brooches, pendants, hat-pins and other ornaments.

A few of the passengers were on their way home to Singapore, after an all too brief holiday in the cooler climate of Australia; others, like ourselves, were visiting Java en route for England. One young lady was going to Singapore to be married, and we had the pleasure of seeing her there after



CHINESE STEWARDS



CHINESE STEWARDS ON BOARD THE MATARAM



## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

the wedding; another lady was always seen clasping a small handbag, and she volunteered the information that it contained a watertight tin box, in which reposed a piece of candle and a box of matches. Some years before she had been in a wreck off the Australian coast, and though no lives were lost, the passengers and crew had to take to the boats in the darkness of the night, and managed to row to a desolate, rocky island, where they effected a landing. Here they suffered many discomforts, not the least being the want of matches; they had with them tea, water, and plenty of food, but such matches as were in the possession of the men of the party being too wet to be of use, they were unable to light a fire or boil water for tea. This lady told us that the horror of the moment on board the ship, when all the lights went out suddenly and they were left in total darkness, and fully alive to the possibility of the ship going down immediately, was indescribable, and never to be effaced from her memory. She determined if ever she should be in another shipwreck it should not be her fault if matches were missing; hence her constant companion, the bag with the tin box containing them. Fortunately, we did not require her kind services on the *Mataram*,

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

but it seemed to me rather like “ locking the door when the steed was stolen ”; as it was most unlikely that exactly the same circumstances would occur again; next time the tea might be missing or the wood for the fire. However, when it made her happy to think she need not be drowned in the dark for want of a box of matches, it was not for us to criticise or find fault.

There were several young people on board to whom the sunny days and calm evenings on the Mataram when it was sailing in smooth waters, gave many opportunities for that old, yet ever new and always fascinating occupation of love-making. I am glad to say from information since received that in at least two instances the wooing resulted in happy marriages. Most of the passengers were very pleasant, a few exceedingly so, and we made some valued friendships which are still maintained. But as there is no rule without an exception, so in one or two cases the passengers did not attain the general standard of agreeableness. One lady did her best to annoy and make mischief, and her language when put out or irritated in any way seemed more in touch with Billingsgate than Mayfair, to which latter district she claimed to belong.



## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

Another lady had a small pet dog which was a perfect nuisance, always getting under people's feet, and too spoiled and pampered to be interesting. If the dog's mistress had been nice, and made herself agreeable, we should not have minded so much; but she was just the opposite, nasty and disdainful, the kind of person a friend of mine calls a "Snorter." This was bad policy on her part, as the other passengers could have insisted on the dog being relegated to the cook's care and not allowed on the upper deck. In fact, there was at one time during the voyage an agitation to put this into effect and banish doggie to the regions below, where I feel sure he would really have had a much happier time. Rumours of this reached her, and she was much alarmed at the prospect of such a fate for her pet; her consequent change of manner and extreme amiability were most amusing to witness. One day I came on deck and found the pampered little beast using our precious table (brought with much trouble from Brisbane) as a pedestal, on which he squatted, while his adoring mistress caressed and fondled him. This was really too much; so greatly to the amusement of some of the passengers standing by, I politely but firmly requested his removal, at the

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

same time emphasizing my words by tilting the table to such an angle that the cherished darling was obliged to jump off. On the whole, however, we had a very happy time, and were a "goodly ship's company"; the Captain also was kindness itself, and did everything in his power for the comfort and convenience of the passengers. He was always bright and cheery even in the most tempestuous weather, and guided his boat most skillfully through many a dangerous channel.

We reached Brisbane in two and a half days from Sydney, landing at its port (which bears the curious name of Pinkenbah), from which half an hour's journey brings one to Brisbane proper. The trains are evidently not timed to meet the boats, or else we were very late, as we had more than an hour to wait. This further curtailed the very short time at our disposal for seeing Brisbane, our steamer being due to leave again at midnight. Brisbane has been called "The Queen City of Australia," "Beautiful Brisbane," etc., but in my opinion Sydney far surpasses it both in beauty of situation and also from an architectural point of view. Nevertheless, it is a fine city, and has a special charm of its own. There are many handsome public build-

## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

ings, good shops, and wide streets; the atmosphere is clear, with little or no smoke from factories, and the city, taken as a whole, is certainly more tropical looking than Sydney. This is partly due to the numerous beautiful trees—palm, camphor, acacia, banana, and best of all the jackaranda tree, with its wealth of blue flowers. There are many pretty villas near the town, ideal houses for hot weather, with their broad verandahs and charming gardens. Some of them had an odd appearance as they were built on piles, the better to withstand the ravages of the white ant, that terrible scourge of the tropics.

Brisbane enjoys a more equable climate than either Sydney or Melbourne, and is free from the sudden and surprising changes of temperature that one has to get inured to in both of these places, more especially in Melbourne. The winter in the "Queen City" is perfectly delightful, but the summer is often unbearably hot. Brisbane has a great future before it, and when it gets a good water supply and a hygienic system of drainage, will almost have attained perfection as a dwelling place. Possibly these blessings are now installed, as the Brisbanites were eagerly expecting them when we were there.

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

Our time was too limited for much sight seeing; a walk through the principal streets, purchases of fruit and biscuits and a small table to take back to the ship, and then darkness descended with the astonishing suddenness of the tropics (which know not the charm of the twilight hour), and we had to seek the Gresham Hotel, dine there, and take the train back to our steamer. At the railway station, which is nearly opposite the hotel, we found the little table, of wickerwork and bamboo, with which we had to content ourselves, instead of the folding table we wanted, Brisbane not possessing such an article. We were about to have it put in the carriage with us as there was plenty of room; but this was not allowed. A pompous-looking official in uniform insisted on regarding it as merchandise, to be put in the luggage van and paid for accordingly; so we had to expend a further sum amounting to one-third of the original cost for the privilege of taking it away. Such red tapism about a tiny table was most absurd; but the article in question was a great comfort to us in our subsequent journeyings, and we never regretted its cost.

The Mataram left Pinkenbah at midnight, and this was a pity, as we missed the scenery of the coast immediately beyond Brisbane, so renowned



CAPTAIN WILLIAMS WITH HIS LITTLE PASSENGERS



## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

for its beauty. In the morning the rough weather recommenced, and the scenery ceased to interest us, though we caught glimpses of a charming coast line, especially when passing Smoky Point; but the steamer pitched and tossed in a most distressing and uncomfortable fashion when we had passed out from the shelter of the land and felt the full force of the wind. On the morning of the fifth day out from Sydney, to our great joy we steamed past Moreton Island into smooth water, and were inside the Great Barrier Reef of Australia. The delight of gliding along in a calm sea, and being able to survey and enjoy the picturesque scenery made us forget all our discomfort.

There is a very narrow and dangerous channel between Moreton Island and the mainland; our Captain, who was extremely careful and rightly so, would not risk entering it till daylight. On Moreton Point there is a lighthouse for a beacon and a warning.

We were now within the "Great Barrier Reef of Australia," which lies off the East coast of Queensland, and is more than a thousand miles long, not continuous, but with various gaps and channels, some wide enough to allow ships to pass through, others too narrow and dangerous even

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

for small boats. This great reef is comprised of coral and the skeletons of coral polyps. Not very long ago, it was popularly supposed that coral was the work of an insect, and stood in somewhat the same relation to it as the honeycomb to the bee, sermons were preached on the subject and analogies drawn. Now we are more enlightened, and thanks to Darwin and Dana we have learned that coral is a calcareous deposit of various kinds of polyps (of the class Anthozoa), which assumes many and often beautiful forms. These coral producing polyps increase by budding, the young polyp buds issuing from the original polyps in various directions from the top or sides or base, not disconnecting themselves, but remaining where they have grown out, although the parent polyps may be dead. In their turn they send out more buds and so on *ad infinitum*. This limestone deposit begins when the polyp is single and has attached itself to something, it may be a rock or even part of the wreck of a ship. The coral continues to increase in the manner described, the so-called skeletons of the dead polyps helping to make a foundation on which the living coral grows. Many species are included in the common name coral, and each has its scientific appellation,



## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

but no very sharp dividing line can be drawn between one group or another. The Great Barrier Reef is mostly composed of Madrepora or limestone coral, which forms a solid mass, though Millepora (class Hydrozoa) and other kinds are also found. Some of these Madrepores have the whole frame covered by a living substance, not unlike gelatine, which joins all the polyps together, but the living part decomposes as soon as the coral is taken out of the water.

The growth of a coral *reef* depends on the limestone coral, and as these reef builders can only exist and do their work in clean, fresh sea water not deeper than 125 feet, nor colder than 68F., they must make their home in the tropics. The familiar red coral is found in the Mediterranean, sometimes at a great depth, and belongs to the Alcyonaria class of coral (sub-division Alcyonacea), but it is not in any sense *reef* coral. Some reefs grow much more rapidly than others, as much as three inches a year, others only advance one inch. Where parts of these reefs rise above the sea level they form islands on which a sparse vegetation is found, and occasionally a palm tree; the portion of the reef under water is indicated by a line of breakers. Instead of a reef the coral some-

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

times is formed by various agencies into an atoll or island, with a lagoon of water in the middle and a fringe of coral round, broader or narrower as the case may be. If the breaks or gaps in the coral barrier are wide enough for ships to pass through, they find safe anchorage in the lagoon. Although the coral polyps can only live in comparatively shallow water, yet the coral reefs rise from a depth of several hundred or even thousand feet. Darwin accounts for this by his theory that the sites of the reefs undergo a gradual subsidence, corresponding to the growth of the reef upwards, and in this way he was supported by Dana, and their explanation was accepted by most geologists. Later it was discovered that this theory did not always fit the condition; as in the case of some coral reefs, notable at the Pelew Islands (see foot note), the sea floor has been raised instead of submerged. From this Sir John Murray argued that reefs can be built up without a sinking floor, or may grow on a settled foundation, such as the slope of a volcanic island. The reef grows mostly on the outer or sea side, and the action of the salt water

*Pelew Islands.*—A group of 26 small Islands in the Pacific Ocean, lying to the East of the Philippine Islands, discovered by the Spaniards in 1545, and in their possession till they were purchased by Germany in 1899, and now form part of the German New Guinea Protectorate. Only six of the Islands are inhabited.

## SYDNEY TO BRISBANE

dissolves the dead coral inside the reef or atoll, making a basin for the lagoon; only the margin of the reef is alive, the remainder is a bed of dead coral, limestone, shells, etc.

As coral only thrives in clear water, it avoids the mouth of a river where the sand and débris brought down by the current makes the water muddy and turbid. At Cairns so much silt is brought down by the Barrow river that a flat has been formed extending a long way out and preventing ships from coming into the harbour.

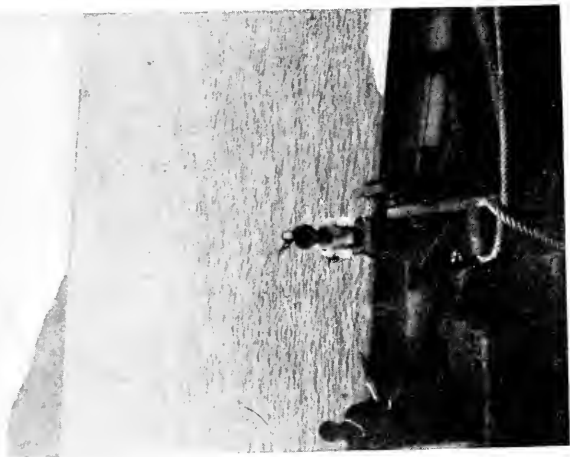
Wonderful corals are found off Cairns, beautiful both in form and colour, pink, violet, brown, etc., as described by Agassiz in his visit to the reef, and later by Saville Kent in his most comprehensive and exhaustive account of "The Great Barrier Reef of Australia." These corals are much more brilliant than any found in the West Indies; but we had no chance of seeing them as our steamer gave the dangerous coral as wide a berth as possible, and kept in midchannel where the water was rather muddy owing to the silt brought down by the river.

It was a great disappointment, but we consoled ourselves by looking at the coast line, which here presented a most delightful panorama of hills,

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

covered with shrubs, tree ferns, bananas, and taller trees, such as the graceful acacias, Moreton Bay pines, araucarias, or Bunya Bunya trees, growing to a height of 100 to 150 feet, also the dark green eucalyptus tree which attains a still greater height. Close down by the shore and even growing out of the water were mangrove thickets and dense undergrowth. Half way up the heights were pretty little houses with wide verandahs, showing white against the green foliage. We also passed countless little islands, as we threaded our way in and out among them at a respectful distance; for their proximity indicated coral, and that spelt danger. The weather was perfect, the sun shining brightly in a cloudless blue sky, making everything stand out with almost startling vividness. We sat on deck and enjoyed the scenery as we passed smoothly and swiftly along, knowing full well that such bliss was too perfect to last. Had we not been going to New Guinea we should have been able to prolong this enjoyment the whole way to Thursday Island; but after Cairns we had to leave the sheltered waters inside the reef, and venture forth into the Coral Sea, to encounter the storms, certain to be met with, at that time of the year.

PAPUAN ON LAUNCH OFF CAIRNS



WITHIN THE GREAT BARRIER REEF





## CHAPTER II

### CAIRNS, SAMARAI; LANDING AT NEW GUINEA

CAIRNS is a prettily situated but rather straggling town at the head of Trinity Bay, about 900 miles N.W. of Brisbane. The harbour is spoilt, as I have mentioned before, by the *débris* from the river, and ships must anchor a couple of miles from the shore. As we were not allowed to land this did not much matter. A high range of mountains rises behind Cairns, and in this range are the celebrated Barrow Falls, of which we had heard much and which we were hoping to see. All we saw, however, was a distant view of the railway line and the white smoke of a passing train on its way thither. Cairns is quite tropical, and for a great part of each year most unpleasantly hot; it is surrounded by magnificent forests where cedars are to be found, as well as those trees enumerated before. The soil is rich, and cotton, sugar cane, rice and tobacco can be cultivated, but without coloured labour it is doubtful whether they

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

could be made remunerative. As for fruit, the variety and abundance are both remarkable; pine-apples, bananas, custard apples, mangoes, persimmon and the delicious passion-fruit grow freely, as well as those known to us in England, such as apples, pears, plums, grapes, oranges, apricots and peaches. These last named sometimes attain a great size, nine or ten inches in circumference, and have a most delicious flavour. Cairns is right in the midst of the mineral riches of Queensland, and precious stones in almost a bewildering variety are found in its neighbourhood, especially opals and sapphires; diamonds, rubies, topazes and emeralds also abound. The whole of Queensland is rich in minerals, and there are gold, silver, copper, coal and tin mines. It is a great pity there is such a meagre population in this land of untold riches, as it badly needs people, especially men who will work. “ *A white Australia* ” is all very well in theory, but the climate is not such as to make a white man take kindly to hard labour, generally under a burning sun; yet without such labour the land cannot be developed. *Foreign* white people would be less desirable than the coloured people of our Indian Empire, or even Chinese, and might in time be far more dangerous;



## LANDING AT NEW GUINEA

yet if the latter are refused entrance, the former are bound to come.

Although I was not actually in Cairns, it is indelibly imprinted on my memory as the place where I had to share my cabin with a lady and a baby! I had known there was a possibility of a lady coming on board, who would occupy the second berth in my cabin, but a baby as well was quite outside the scope of my imagination. No lady passenger came on at Brisbane, and when the tender put off from Cairns and came alongside, I need not describe my anxiety as I scanned the passengers for our boat, nor how rejoiced I was to find they were all of the male sex; 19 men but no woman. My joy, alas, was short-lived! No sooner were all the passengers on board than I received a message from the purser to say he was at his wits end to find accommodation for the unexpected influx of passengers (some of whom were from the shipwrecked Moresby), and much as he regretted having to do it, he would be obliged to send a lady and her baby into my cabin and use hers for some of the men. He assured me it would only be for a short time, just till we reached Port Moresby (New Guinea) whither most of the Cairns passengers were bound. There

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

was no help for it, so I had to submit with as good grace as possible. The baby was a dear little girl, about 18 months old, and her mother as nice as could be, but I made up my mind to vacate the cabin in their favour at night, and sleep in the saloon.

On the launch or tender were some Papuans returning to New Guinea, and we were eager to see them and get some snapshots if possible. They were fine looking, well built young fellows, and presented a very striking appearance with their great mops of dark hair standing out round their heads, something after the fashion of a bottle brush, or golliwog. One of them, with a particularly golliwog looking head of hair, into which he had stuck some scarlet feathers, seemed quite to enjoy the sensation he was creating, as he balanced himself in a perilous position on the side of the boat and smoked a cigar that some one had given him. I got a snapshot of him, but he was too far off for a good one. (See photo.) Then I had to leave those fascinating sights and go down to prepare my cabin for its unwelcome visitors. I was very sorry for the baby's mother; it was infinitely worse for her than for me, as she had to turn out of her *own* cabin and bring all her

## LANDING AT NEW GUINEA

possessions with her as well as the baby's belongings. I had to vacate my lower berth too, as the baby could not be in the upper one; this did not much matter, as I used the berth only as a receptacle for my goods and chattels, and went each night to sleep in the saloon.

We were only outside Cairns for three hours, and very soon after leaving it our steamer passed out from the shelter of the Barrier Reef into the wind-tossed waters of the Coral Sea.

“ The tempest howls, the foaming surges roar,  
While I unhappy, quit the safer shore.”

might have been said by each one of us as we left Cairns, for the tempest did indeed howl its loudest and the storm was awful. The wind blew a perfect gale, the rain fell in torrents, great black clouds covered the sky, and the Captain told us we had gone right into the N.W. Monsoon. For four days the storm raged with unabated fury, and as it increased, our interest in life and mundane affairs correspondingly declined. Our good ship gave many expressions of dislike to the situation by creaks, groans and shivers; she also performed a sort of ocean war dance that did not conduce to comfort. Great waves rolled up, looking like

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

mountains, and broke over the ship and swamped the deck from end to end, and the noise was terrific; you could not hear yourself speak unless you shouted at the top of your voice, and not always then. The heat was well nigh unbearable, and as all the portholes had to be closed, the cabins were airless and suffocating. It was well we had such a careful commander as Captain John Williams, who knew the dangers of the course, and would take no risks, or we might have met with the fate of the Moresby. As it was, it taxed all his skill and seamanship to get us through safely.

The cabins were so hot and stuffy that I was glad I had an excuse to sleep in the saloon, and really had the best of it, for being on the upper deck, it was comparatively cool. In fact, several of the passengers followed my example.

The poor baby and her mother had a very bad time, as they were both ill in that airless cabin; they were much to be pitied.

One little interlude came in the midst of the storm when we approached Samarai, a beautiful little island off the coast of New Guinea. In the shelter of its shore we did not feel the storm quite so much, though it continued as fiercely as ever.

## LANDING AT NEW GUINEA

To counter-balance this brief respite, a most terrific thunderstorm burst upon us as we drew near the island. It was a grand but terrible sight. The vivid flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder were simultaneous, and the noise was like the roar of cannon accompanied by the sharp crack of rifles, as though the artillery of heaven were arrayed against us. At one moment the sky was a pall of inky blackness, across which arrows of lightning, like so many fiery serpents, darted and scintillated; the next moment it was one blaze of light, forming a background for zig-zags of forked flames of an even intenser brightness; again "a cloud of lightning" seemed to enfold the heavens. As for the rain, the only description applicable to it is Job's, where he says "the clouds poured out water."

Just as we anchored, the thunderstorm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, but the rain continued in the same cataract fashion, and only a few of our more intrepid passengers went ashore. Our ship was some distance from the coast, so the landing had to be effected in small boats; these tossed up and down and looked as if they might be swamped at any moment, though the occupants could not have been much wetter if they had.

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

These latter presented a sorry spectacle on their return, with the water streaming from hats and garments, and they looked like the proverbial drowned rats. But they brought back glowing accounts of the beauty of the little island, and we could see from the steamer, in spite of the rain, what a charming appearance it presented.

Samarai is so small that it is possible to walk all over it in half an hour. The little township is celebrated for its beautiful avenue of many coloured crotons, bordered by cocoanut palms. Crotons are variegated shrubs with most brilliantly coloured leaves, looking at a distance almost like flowers. One of the courageous passengers who landed brought back a piece of hibiscus blossom, a lovely crimson flower, rather like a Madonna lily in shape, but with a long, red tassel hanging from the centre. It was the first of the kind we had seen, though we were to grow very familiar with it in Java where it flourishes in great abundance. Two hours sufficed to land the cargo we had brought to Samarai, and we then took our departure. Some little distance from land a beautiful kingfisher came flying over the ship, and one of the passengers caught it outside the porthole of his cabin and brought it into the



AVENUE OF CROTONS, SAMARAI



MAIN STREET, SAMARAI.





## LANDING AT NEW GUINEA

saloon for us to see. It was much alarmed at being held prisoner, and squawked vigorously as a protest. It had a most lovely plumage, exquisite shades of green ranging from a light to quite a dark colour. I am glad to say its captor allowed it to go free, which was very good of him, as he was a collector of birds and sorely tempted to keep it. He did say that if it returned he might not be so merciful, but I suppose it reached the shore safely, as we never saw it again.

Passing out from the shelter of Samarai, we found the tempest lying in wait for us with redoubled fury, and in addition we had the wind against us. The storm increased in proportion as we got into the open, and in a short time we felt the full force of the monsoon. It was darkly hinted that there might be even worse in store, as a hurricane was not improbable at this season. However, we were spared that. We were due in Port Moresby that night, but there seemed no probability of our arriving up to time as the storm had delayed us, and the Captain dared not run the risk of trying to navigate the dangerous passage into the Bay after dark. It was difficult enough in daylight. We had therefore to endure another night of discomfort, and we heartily wished that

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

New Guinea had never been discovered, or that the discoverer had kept the knowledge to himself. But for it, we should have been gliding along in a calm sea to Thursday Island, and escaped all the gale. Some of our passengers had been in worse storms, they said, but all agreed they had never known such a *long* one. Generally they last from 24 to 48 hours at most, but we had had practically eight days of rough weather, and on four of these a furious tempest. That last night was the worst of all, and even the best sailors were tired out with the heat and discomfort; so most thankful were we when next morning about 11.30 o'clock we steamed into Moresby Bay. So much had the storm delayed us that we arrived at New Guinea when our time-table said we should be leaving it! At Samarai we had taken on board a passenger from a shipwrecked government schooner, and now we heard that Burns Philp's cargo steamer had also been wrecked on the reef only the day before, so we had good reason to rejoice at our own safe arrival.

## CHAPTER III

### PORT MORESBY IN PAPUA

THERE is no harbour at Port Moresby, only two wooden piers for small boats, so we had to anchor quite a mile and a half from the land and had a good view of the coast with a high range of mountains in the distance. It was such a relief to feast our eyes on green trees and hills and a clear, blue sky, instead of on green foam-tipped waves and tempestuous clouds.

Even in the Bay it was quite rough enough on account of the high winds which still prevailed, quite unlike the smooth water inside the Barrier Reef. We longed for a steam-launch or tender to bear us to the shore and much wished Messrs. Burns Philp had provided one; so did the Captain, who found it extremely difficult to get his cargo landed. In default of such a launch we had to take to small boats or canoes manned by natives, and though it was by no means easy to get into them, we were so rejoiced at the prospect

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

of being once more on solid earth, that we never hesitated. Once we were clear of the ship our little craft rocked up and down in the most alarming fashion, for the waves that looked quite small from the upper deck, assumed mountain-like proportions when viewed from our small barque low down in the water. When we reached the wooden pier, which extends some considerable way into the sea, we had great difficulty in effecting a landing, owing to the wash of the waves against the wharf. The boat bumped up and down in such a manner that only at intervals was it quite close to the pier and you had to seize that fleeting moment to jump or be pulled on shore up some very slimy, slippery steps. I tried the jump, but was not quite quick enough, and but for the presence of mind and the strong hand of a fellow passenger, who most kindly clutched me with a firm grasp, I should have had at best an impromptu and undesired bath, the water just there being very deep indeed. Fortunately the catastrophe was averted, and I half tumbled, and was half dragged, up the steps, and so landed in New Guinea. Once on shore and our minds at rest we were able to turn our attention to the groups of natives who had congregated at the end of the

## PORT MORESBY IN PAPUA

pier to watch our arrival. The men wore no clothing except a waist cloth, their bodies being liberally tattooed; they were further adorned with armlets of plaited straw and earrings of tortoise-shell, as many as half-a-dozen in each ear. A few had nose rings and one man displayed a unique ornament in the shape of a large white safety pin worn as an earring, of which he seemed quite proud. The women have petticoats of loose dried grass of a reddish brown colour, woven into a band and tied round the waist. The upper part of the body was bare, but much tattooed like the men, and similar armlets and earrings were worn with the addition of necklaces of beads. The children, whose clothing consisted of bead necklaces and bracelets only, were such funny, fat, little, brown things. Natives belonging to the Mission go about clothed quite decently, the men in calico coats and trousers, the women in gaily coloured skirts and jackets.

Before telling what befel us in Port Moresby, I ought perhaps to say something about New Guinea itself, as until lately, it has been rather an unknown region. Till I visited it I had but the vaguest notion where it was situated, or to whom it belonged.

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

New Guinea is the largest island in the world (excepting, of course, Australia) and is nearly 1,500 miles long from East to West and 200 broad from North to South. It lies to the north of Queensland and is separated from it by Torres Straits, and south of the Caroline Islands. It stretches far out into the Coral Sea, and, at its most easterly point is situated Port Moresby; therefore it takes some days to get there from Cairns. On the west it extends almost to the Molucca Islands. It was discovered as far back as 1511 by Antonio de Abrea, but was practically unknown till 1793, when it was annexed by the East India Company. This act not being confirmed by the Home Government was of little use. It was not till almost a century later, when Australia became alarmed at the rapid way in which Holland was securing the Western half of the island, and at the rumours that Germany also wished for a share, that any action on the part of England was taken. Queensland was dismayed at the prospect of foreigners in possession of land so close to her shores, and with much difficulty, and after many appeals, persuaded England to allow British New Guinea to become a Crown Colony, subject to the Commonwealth



PORT MORESBY



DUG-OUT CANOE, PAPUA





## PORT MORESBY IN PAPUA

Government. But this was only arranged on condition that the Australian Government made itself responsible for the money required. That was in 1888, and from that time up to 1906 very little was done to develop the resources of the place. In 1905 the name was changed to Papua by Act of Parliament, and handed over to the Australian Commonwealth to be governed by it. In 1906 the Federal Government took over the possession of Papua, and since then its progress has been by leaps and bounds, so much so that it is to be regretted that the Australian Government were not allowed a free hand years before. There is a Lieutenant-Governor and a local Executive Council, also a Legislative Council consisting of the Executive Council and three nominated unofficial members. The Colony is divided into seven divisions, each of which has a resident magistrate.\* Port Moresby, where we landed, is the principal town and seat of government; it contains about 2,000 natives and 60 white people. Papua (to give it the proper title) is unlike any other country, not only in size, but because of its

\* From 1885 to 1914, German New Guinea or Kaiser Wilhelmsland had an area of over 70,000 square miles, more than a quarter of the island. This, Germany's largest colony outside of Africa, was taken by the Australian forces on September 25th, 1914, and the British flag hoisted.

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

primitiveness. In the interior is found the stone age in full sway, while nearer the coasts it gives way to the iron age, but very gradually, so that the stone axe and steel tomahawk are used side by side. In warfare, the sling, the spear and shield, the bow and arrow are all used, and primitive industries, such as canoe making, pottery, cultivation of the ground, etc., are still conducted as in the earliest ages. The native canoes that we saw at Port Moresby were all merely rough trunks of trees, dug out or burnt out until hollow enough to float evenly. The climate is hot, for the greater part of the year on the coast, but higher up on the mountains it is quite cool, and the flowers of more temperate climes, such as buttercups, daisies, forget-me-nots, rhododendrons, etc., are found in abundance. The hot season is from November to May, the hottest month being January; the cold season is generally reckoned from June to October, the coldest month being August. An immense range of mountains extends through the land, some of the peaks so high as to be covered with perpetual snow. Mount Victoria, the highest peak, towers to a height of 13,200 feet. Two large rivers water the country, the Fly and the Purari. The

## PORT MORESBY IN PAPUA

former is 620 miles long, and can be navigated for over 500 miles. No dangerous wild beasts infest the land, but there are venomous snakes, and on the coast are crocodiles and alligators. These take a large toll of natives annually, most of the deaths being due to snake bite, or disappearance inside a crocodile. The vegetation is most luxuriant, and trees abound; the cypress, sago palm, evergreen oak, screwpine, banana, breadfruit tree, sandal wood, and along the coast the cocoanut palm, all grow well in New Guinea, and many others also. The cocoanut palms do not flourish so well in the interior, they are best and more abundant near the sea. From the breadfruit tree the natives make a kind of cloth.

Most of the products of the tropical zone can be easily cultivated, the fruits especially. New Guinea is also famous for its birds, especially the beautiful Bird of Paradise with its wonderful variety of magnificent plumes; nearly fifty species of this bird have been found. Then there is the Cassowary, that queer bird allied to the Emu, with only vestigial wings like the New Zealand Kiwi. But as there are about 800 different species of birds it would be useless to try and enumerate them.

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

There are very few animals, mostly the Walaby (or small kangaroo), wild swine, and the Echidna or ant-eating hedgehog. No hares or rabbits are found, and if the Papuan Authorities are wise they will keep them out, as they have grown to be such a pest in Australia and New Zealand.

Those who wish to know more about Papua cannot do better than read Miss Beatrice Grimshaw's delightful and comprehensive account, in her book, "The New New Guinea," and I would also refer them to "The World of Life" by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in which he writes most enthusiastically of the vegetable life in New Guinea. Port Moresby is reckoned a town, but to the traveller it looks more like a village, consisting as it does of a number of wooden and iron one-storied houses on either side of a so-called street, on which the grass grows freely, as there are no carts, carriages or horses to keep it down. It seemed strange to be in a place and not see a vehicle of any description. The town boasted of two stores, one belonging to Burns Philp & Co., and the other to one of our fellow passengers. There is also a wooden building dignified by the name of Post Office, which stands apart from the

## PORT MORESBY IN PAPUA

others and nearer the landing stage. All these houses have broad verandahs, so necessary in a hot climate, and most of them are built on piles on account of the insects. Some of them, especially those belonging to Government Officials, have very pretty gardens, the many coloured croton shrubs, and scarlet hibiscus making a gay display, while overhead the feathery palm trees provided a grateful shade from the burning heat. There were a few palm trees also on either side of the street, but too far apart to afford much shelter from the sun; many more are needed. On the heights above the town are a few residences, notably Government House, a white building standing out against the dark green foliage, also the Station of the London Missionary Society, which is farther along the coast and overlooks the native village of Elavara.

Our first visit after landing was to the Post Office, to buy stamps and postcards, but we found it closed, not to be opened till 4 o'clock p.m., as the officials were busy sorting and distributing the mails we had brought and could not be disturbed in their arduous task. We had a suspicion that this meant they wanted time to read their own correspondence, and our suspicions were confirmed

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when we met the greater part of the white population sitting or standing in the shade of trees or houses perusing closely written sheets of foreign paper as we passed up the street. However, there was plenty of time and we were in no hurry; they take things leisurely in Port Moresby.

The monthly steamer is the only link with the outside world, and is eagerly expected and gladly welcomed, not only for letters but newspapers, news of what is going on, fresh faces to see and new people to talk to, for it is deadly dull in Port Moresby. Our next visit was to Burns Philp's Store, where I tried in vain to buy a pair of white cotton gloves, such luxuries are unknown there; the settler in Papua either brings his gloves with him or wears none. The other store where we bought postcards belonged to a fellow passenger, one of those from the shipwrecked Moresby, who came on board at Cairns. It was much the same sort of shop as Burns Philp, but more conveniently situated in the middle of the town, both had large or small quantities as the case might be of everything likely to be needed, something after the style of a general shop in an English village or small town. The picture postcards were very good, showing the native villages and

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the Papuan in full dress with feather-mounted hair. It is from the latter they derive their name.

The proprietor of the store very kindly invited us to tea at his private bungalow, a few yards higher up. He had been taking his two little girls to school in Sydney and was returning to Port Moresby when the wreck occurred. On our way to his house we met a strange and uncanny-looking bird, which approached us in a confident manner and seemed quite tame; we were told it was a Cassowary. Up to that moment I had looked upon a Cassowary as a somewhat mythical creature, only to be found on the plains of Timbuctoo, where it occasionally dined off missionary, including his hymn-book in the repast. It was rather a shock to find one stalking about Port Moresby, much too small to swallow even half a missionary, and showing no blood-thirsty tendencies towards us. It was either not full-grown or was a poor specimen of its kind, probably the latter, which was not surprising considering its origin. Our host told us that either he or a friend (I cannot now remember which, and fancy the point was purposely left obscure) found a rather rough-looking, large, greenish egg, and curious to see what would come out of it, kept it under

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his arm, day and night I presume, for some time, until one day the shell cracked, and with a triumphant squeak the Cassowary emerged. It was brought up by hand and became so attached to its foster-father that it would follow him about like a dog. We were inclined to be rather sceptical about this wonderful hatching, but thought it wiser to follow the advice of an old Irish jaunting car driver who told his fare, a lady who was questioning the genuineness of one of his remarkable tales, "Better believe me ma'am than go look for the truth of it." However, if the first part of the Cassowary story made large demands on our faith, there was no doubt of the truth of the latter part, as the bird was indeed exceptionally tame, and not only walked solemnly after its master but showed a desire for closer acquaintance with us, which I need hardly say was not reciprocated, the Cassowary not being at all a nice or attractive looking bird. In appearance it is something like an emu or small ostrich, of a brownish-black colour, with feathers so long and loose that they are more like hair; these feathers are longer at the back and serve the purpose of a tail. The head and upper part of the neck are bare, but on the neck are two bulbous looking





NATIVES, PORT MORESBY



NATIVE RAFT ON CANOES



## PORT MORESBY IN PAPUA

pendants, and in some cases the head is adorned with a many coloured (blue, purple, and red) horny crest about three inches high. Three toes grow on each foot, one toe is much shorter than the other two, but has a horrid, long, sharp claw which it uses in self defence. When attacked it fights with legs and feet and with its short, vestigial wings. These wings are no help even in running, but can be used with effect as a weapon. Our Cassowary was a small bird without a crest, but some attain a height of five feet.

As we approached the door of Mr. B.'s bungalow we saw under a tree, a cow ! True, it was a "lean and hungry-looking" animal, but where there was a live cow there might be fresh milk for our tea, and our hopes rose high. One of the greatest drawbacks on board ship is having to use condensed milk in tea, so that the "cup that cheers" with fresh milk would indeed have been a luxury. Alas ! when we were seated in a most charming and spacious verandah, completely shaded from the sun, and a dainty tea with nice biscuits was brought in, our host apologised for the condensed milk, and said the supply of fresh milk was so limited it had all been used up in the morning. However, the tea itself was ex-

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cellent and much enjoyed by us in our hot and thirsty condition. While we were being entertained, a squall of wind and rain came on, as the rainy season was not yet over. We were glad to be in shelter, as the rain was so heavy, but the storm ceased in a few minutes and the sun shone out once more. We were able to take a walk in the direction of the native villages, but as the sky was becoming again overcast and black clouds were travelling up showing that another and bigger squall was approaching, we thought it wiser to postpone our visit to Hanuabada to another day and return to the steamer. We had a good tossing going across to it, and quite an exciting time getting on board, but we were glad we had not remained on shore, as the rain came down in torrents for the rest of the afternoon.

Now that our extra passengers had been landed, I had come into my own again, and much enjoyed having my cabin to myself; I devoutly hoped no lady would turn up at Thursday Island to share it. Next morning there was tremendous excitement over a shark that had been caught close to the ship. It was so huge that it took six shots to kill it, and was a fearsome beast with enormous jaws. We wanted it brought on board

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that we might take some snapshots, but our request was not granted, as it was said the smell would be awful and last for days, so that it was towed to the shore to serve as a feast for the natives, who esteem it a delicacy. The man who shot the shark kept the huge jaws as a trophy. Its fearful teeth made one shudder at the thought of their closing on any human being. The native boats kept cruising round the steamer; some of them just dug-out canoes, others made of two or three canoes lashed together by planks, which made a kind of platform or raft (see photo); these were used for taking the cargo on shore. The whole made quite a pretty picture as they floated about on the blue sea, manned by natives whose mops of hair waved in the breeze. There was also a Dutch boat at anchor in the bay, with about 80 tons of cargo for Port Moresby. It was still there the second morning, but left in the afternoon taking the cargo with it, as it could not be discharged owing to the scarcity of labour, and the captain was obliged to keep to his scheduled time. Our captain was not so bound, but at the same time did not want to stay longer than was absolutely necessary. He was quite worried by the difficulty he had in persuading the

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natives to come and unload. The latter are very lazy and soon earn enough to buy tobacco, calico, and other things, of which they have learnt the value, but which they cannot make or find for themselves. Then they take a rest and enjoy what they have acquired, unwilling to exert themselves afresh, until their supplies are exhausted. They are only paid one shilling per day, so as far as money is concerned they are not hard to satisfy. This laziness on their part was most inconvenient for us, as it kept us so long in Papua that our time in Java was considerably curtailed.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE NATIVE VILLAGES HANUABADA AND ELAVARA

THE weather was now quite settled but very hot. There being no hotels in Port Moresby (though one was being built) we lived on board the *Mataram*, making expeditions to the town when the weather was propitious. I had not succeeded so far in getting the snapshots I wanted of the native villages, so on the last day of our visit I set out immediately after lunch with a fellow passenger, who most kindly consented to accompany me. The captain was going ashore to try and persuade the Governor to lend him some prisoners to help in finishing the unloading of the cargo, so he took us with him in his boat.

It was a glorious day, blue sky, hot sun, and a slight but refreshing breeze, which latter was fortunately blowing in our faces as we turned from the town for our two or three miles walk along the shore. The road skirted the beach, and the leaves of the graceful cocoanut palms waved

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

and rustled over our heads, making a most grateful canopy that modified in some measure the scorching rays of the sun; and it can be scorching in Papua! As we walked along we met groups of women and children, and some very old men; the latter were a terrible sight in their unclothed condition, but the women looked smiling and happy. Papuan women wear a grass kilt or petticoat, which is called a *ramies*, the upper part of their bodies is bare, but adorned with the most intricate tattooing, neck, arms, ears, and even noses having appropriate ornaments of beads, shells or tortoiseshell, and this makes the women look decidedly picturesque. As for the little children, who were running about in their birthday dress, occasionally with a bead necklace or bracelet in addition, they were the funniest of fat, little, brown babies, very frightened if you attempted to speak to them. The older children were not so shy and perched themselves on the rickety-looking platforms of their houses, so that we might take their photographs and give them pennies.

Many of the women had brown earthenware waterpots poised on their shoulders in most graceful fashion, and were on their way to fetch water





NATIVES, HANUABADA, PORT MORESBY



HOUSES IN NATIVE VILLAGE OF HANUABADA



## HANUABADA AND ELAVARA

from a spring. I persuaded one of them to let me take a snapshot of her. She had a fat, wee child with her who strongly objected to the camera and clung roaring and crying to its mother trying to hide behind her scanty drapery. Quite a little crowd collected and I got some fairly successful snapshots, one of a woman standing on a dug-out canoe. All were quite willing, we found, to pose for a few pennies, indeed the difficulty was to persuade them to go away.

We had now reached the broad, white, sandy path that does duty for a street in the village of Hanuabada, and the first of the native houses came in sight. There was quite a long row of them, such quaint looking dwellings, apparently in such a tumble-down condition that they might fall to pieces any moment. This was a delusion, however, as they are really quite strong, but their structure raised on high poles set in the water is of such a spidery appearance that it gives them an unsubstantial air.

Imagine a brown garden summer-house built something like a Swiss cottage with gabled front and broad verandah, perched on very high stilts with a skeleton ladder, with rungs far apart, as the only means of access, and you have some idea

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what a Papuan house is like. The piles on which the houses are built (just rough logs or trunks of trees) are driven into the sea sand, so that the dwelling is over the water, and you look down through the extremely large spaces between the logs that form the flooring, into the blue depths of the ocean. Cool certainly, but apt to make one a little nervous at first. The crazy ladder also, by which you reach the verandah or platform to gain access to the interior of the house, is more suitable for natives with unclothed bodies, and bare feet, than for white folk in heavy garments and high heeled shoes. But there is good reason for building after this fashion; as only one point of attack is presented to the enemy, tribes from the hills, who used to swarm down at intervals and attack the seabord dwellings. With deep water on three sides, the people of Hanuabada and kindred villages could concentrate their attention on the fourth or landward side and ward off any attack. The houses have no windows, nor are they needed, as the interior is only used as a sleeping-place, and absence of light tends to coolness; the broad platform in front is the living place, where the natives eat and carry on such work as carving, net-making, etc., while at the

## HANUABADA AND ELAVARA

same time they can see what is going on below. The brown waterpots are hand-made, of clay pulled by the fingers of the native women into quite good and even artistic shapes, and then baked in fire. This, and the making of skirts or *ramies* of dried grass, are the only native industries, except a little carving done by the men.

We passed through the village and came to an ascent, up which we toiled under the burning sun, and reached at the top the Mission Station. From this point we could see the second native village of Elavara spread out before us. The houses there are built after the same style as those in Hanuabada, but the *tout ensemble* is much more picturesque, as instead of a row of dwellings along the sea shore, those in Elavara are grouped on a little island and extend right out into the open sea. (See photo). A very rickety bridge, swaying from side to side, several hundred feet long, connects the village with the mainland, and over this the natives pass to and fro in an unconcerned manner that wins your admiration as you expect each moment to see the daring passenger fall, not *over* but *through* the bridge, (so wide are the spaces in the flooring,) or else the whole structure collapse.

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

On the wooded eminence where we stood, the Mission premises are built. They belong to the London Missionary Society, and a splendid work among the natives is being carried on by the Rev. Mr. Laurence, the missionary in charge, and his wife. It must be no small sacrifice to live and work in such a place separated from children and friends. We were most heartily welcomed by Mrs. Laurence, who invited us into her cool verandah and regaled us with lime juice and water, a most refreshing drink when one is hot and thirsty. She then showed us the lace she is teaching the native girls to make, and said they were very apt pupils. We also inspected a number of Papuan curiosities, such as spears, shields, and a very queer looking drum. The natives of the two villages belong to the Motuan and Koitapuan races; the language is called Motu or Mutu, and is not very easy to learn.

The view from the verandah of the Mission House was glorious; the strange looking village below, the deep blue sea beyond dotted with all sorts of craft, rowing and sailing, the dark foliage on the opposite shore making a most effective background and intensifying the cloudless vault of sky, presented a wonderful picture not soon to



NATIVE VILLAGE OF ELAVARA, PORT MORESBY





## HANUABADA AND ELAVARA

be forgotten. But time was passing and we had a long, hot walk before us, in order to reach Port Moresby wharf, and get a boat to the steamer. We were about to say good-bye when a great noise and shouting were heard outside. On rushing out to ascertain the cause we found that the Mission ship, the "John Williams" was just entering the bay. This was the ship built and equipped with money given or collected by Sunday School children all over the world, and a fine looking vessel she is. Mrs. Laurence said that her husband had gone out to meet it, and was to send a boat to take her to it when it arrived. She asked if we would accompany her and we could then go on in the same boat to the Mataram when she had been left on board the "John Williams." Need I say we most gratefully accepted her offer, only too thankful to be spared the long tramp of nearly three miles on such a sultry afternoon. While waiting for the boat Mrs. Laurence gave us tea and delicious little cakes. Then a native arrived to say the boat was ready and we descended the hill to the shore. We were conducted to a miniature wharf, the private property of the Mission. At the end of it a sailing boat was moored, manned by natives

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

from the Mission, clothed in gay, cotton jackets and trousers, which, if less picturesque, were more decorous than the native style of dress, or rather no dress.

There was a favourable breeze, so our sail was set and we flew over the water; it was perfectly delightful, most exhilarating, and a fitting climax to an exceptionally interesting day. Leaving our kind hostess on board the Mission ship we were taken to the Mataram, which lay a little farther out, and were just in time to reassure our friends, who were beginning to feel a little anxious on our account.

The captain had now landed as much cargo as he possibly could, and was obliged to take the remainder away together with the cargo, consisting principally of copra and the Chinese delicacy *bêche-de-mer*, from Port Moresby.

Copra is the dried kernel of the cocoanut, used in India occasionally as an ingredient in curry, but chiefly valued for the oil obtained from it. Sometimes it is dried in the sun or else in a kiln, but in either case it yields 55 to 60 per cent. of cocoanut oil.

*Bêche-de-mer* is a corruption of a Portuguese word meaning sea worm or sea slug; these are



PAW PAWS, PORT MORESBY



BOAT MANNED BY NATIVES



## HANUABADA AND ELAVARA

allied to the sea urchins and are found on coral reefs. They are used by the Chinese as a favourite ingredient in their dishes, whether stews or soups, and esteemed a great delicacy. In shape the *bêche-de-mer* is like a slug or small cucumber, and has a thick, flexible skin, instead of the horny shell of its kin, the sea urchin. The more ordinary kinds live just under the sand in shallow water, with the head projecting, bearing according to Dana's report a beautiful, feathery rosette or flower; the more valuable kinds are found in deep water, and must be dived for. To fit them for exportation they are slit open, boiled, and then dried, when they look not unlike smoked sausages. They must not be exposed to damp or they are spoiled; in a perfect condition they should be so dry as to "rattle like walnuts in a bag."

We left Port Moresby that evening and passed quite close to the sunken Moresby, which was partly visible above water; not far from it was another wreck lying on a reef, unmistakable evidence of the perils and dangers we had escaped.

Next day we were in the open sea, out of sight of land for some hours, then countless little

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islands began to appear, looking most inviting with white sandy beaches and clusters of palm trees. One, we were told, was Tuesday Island, another Wednesday, there was also a Friday Island and presumably a Monday, but many had no names. Evidently, whoever was responsible for their nomenclature had called each after the day of the week it was first sighted or visited.

Thursday Island is the only one well known in the whole group, and this because of its pearl fishery.

The sunsets each evening in these tropical regions were most gorgeous, the panorama of colour so brilliant and varied that often we neglected the summons to dinner and remained on deck to watch the kaleidoscopic effects in the sky, till darkness descended with disconcerting suddenness, and the claims of hunger asserted themselves.

The nights also were most delightful, so calm and peaceful. After dinner most of the passengers came on deck to look at the Southern Cross, as it shone out with intense brilliance against the dark background "of Heaven's ebon vault studded with stars unutterably bright." At such times one knew it was good to be alive.

## CHAPTER V

### THURSDAY ISLAND AND PORT DARWIN

WE saw Thursday Island quite a long time before we reached it, as Torres Straits is so dangerous and difficult of navigation that quite a big détour must be made to keep in a safe channel. However, we got alongside the wharf at last, and were able to step on shore. This island, one of the smallest in the Torres Straits, is situated N. of Cape York in Queensland, and belongs to that State. It is only three miles long by two and a half broad, and owes all its importance to being the centre of the pearl fishery carried on in those parts.

The pearling business is mainly in the hands of Chinese and Japanese, which is a pity. To this island might aptly be applied the quotation "Distance lends enchantment to the view," as from the steamer it looked a most charming place, just the kind of island described in boys' books

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of adventures in the South Seas. The little bays with sandy beaches shining with dazzling whiteness in the sunlight, the quantities of tropical foliage giving promise of coolness and shade, all served to make a fascinating picture. Not the least of the attractions was the harbour itself (called Port Kennedy) with its multitude of schooners and pearling smacks, small boats and canoes rocking on the dancing waves, together with a few larger ships that had put in for shelter from the storms so prevalent during the last fortnight. Alas for expectations! The reality was a woeful disappointment. As we entered the little town and passed up its one broad street, it was like walking into a "burning fiery furnace." On either side were plain-looking, little wooden houses, some of them shops; these latter, which are mostly kept by Chinese and Japanese, have as their sole redeeming feature broad awnings or coverings over the doorways, which extend along the front, so that a certain amount of intermittent shade is afforded as one passes down the street. The trees were few and far between, and useless as a protection from the sun; they seemed to know this, and had a listless, dispirited air, as though they would fain apologise for occupying a place





SCOW, SEEN NEAR PORT DARWIN



FIRST SIGHT OF THURSDAY ISLAND



## THURSDAY ISLAND & PORT DARWIN

in the landscape. Our first visit was, of course, to the Post Office to get our letters and buy post-cards and stamps; here we found most of our fellow passengers bound on the same errand. Then my brother insisted on having his hair cut, as there was no barber on board our ship. He soon discovered a smiling hairdresser in a little wooden shop, which was perfectly clean and nice, but not what you would call luxuriously appointed. He sat himself down to be operated on while my sister-in-law and I sauntered down the roadway and looked into the windows to see if there were any curios to be picked up. The curios were there, but the prices extremely high. They mostly consisted of mother-o'-pearl shells exquisitely carved, spoons, knives, boxes, plaques, and indeed every variety of ornament of the same material; pearls too, most lovely but very costly, and pearl blisters, with a variety of odds and ends made of shells.

The mother-o'-pearl obtained at Thursday Island is sent to China and Singapore to be carved, then it comes back to the island and has to pay a heavy duty as manufactured goods, hence the long prices asked. The same things can be bought much more cheaply at home. We pur-

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chased some spoons and carved boxes as mementoes of our visit, and I took some snapshots of the street and shops (see photo). I tried to get one of the church, which was built as a thankoffering for the survivors and a memorial to those who were lost in the wreck of the Quetta twenty years before, but it was too much in the shade.

That was a terrible wreck, and is still remembered and spoken of with bated breath. The Quetta, one of the finest ships of the British Indian and Australian Steam Navigation Company, was lost on the night of February 28th, 1890, near the entrance to Torres Straits. It had apparently passed safely through all the difficulties of the dangerous channels, and was not far from Thursday Island and its harbour, when it struck on an unknown rock, not marked in any chart, the bottom of the ship was torn out, and in three minutes she sank in thirteen fathoms of water. There were about 280 people on board, and of these only 160 were saved; some of the latter had an extraordinary experience. One girl, only 16 years old, swam about for thirty-five hours before she was picked up, and another, supported by a plank, drifted for almost the same length of time, finally being washed



MAIN STREET, THURSDAY ISLAND



PEARLING SMACKS OFF THURSDAY ISLAND



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ashore on Adolphus Island, from whence she was rescued. Subsequent examination of the spot where the disaster took place showed that the Quetta had struck on a pinnacle of *growing* coral, which ripped her open for nearly two-thirds of her length, so that she sank like a stone.

Mr. W. Saville Kent, in his book on "The Great Barrier Reef of Australia," says that this seems to show that coral grows much more rapidly than is generally supposed, as this particular coral rock was not in the survey made 30 or 40 years before.

In the Church on Thursday Island is a porthole of the ill-fated steamer, which was found many years after the catastrophe entirely encrusted with coral and seaweed.

The Bishop of Carpentaria has his headquarters on the island, but was away visiting another part of his large and scattered diocese.

It was a blisteringly hot afternoon, the heat "hit one in the face," to use Miss B. Grimshaw's expressive phrase, and not only in the face but in the back and on the head, and we seemed to be swallowing gallons of burning air. Walking was too great an effort, the comparative coolness of the steamer out on the water appealed to us, and

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not in vain, so we gave up all idea of further exploration and retraced our steps to the wharf. We heard later that there were really very pretty spots further inland, with shrubs, creepers and shady trees, that we might have visited. We were quite willing, however, to take it on trust as we had seen quite enough of Thursday Island. The harbour was still alive with shipping, and the sea with sharks; one of the latter was caught and eagerly examined amid much excitement. On enquiring the reason, we were told that a Chinaman a few days before had fallen from a ship in the harbour and had been snapped up by a shark. In the pocket of the man's trousers was his whole fortune, a large sum in gold, nearly £100 I believe, which of course accompanied him into the shark. Some time later one of these monsters was caught, and in its maw was one leg still clothed in its trouser, but not the money. Now the whole community is dissecting and exploring each shark that is killed, in the hope of finding the other leg and the gold! Nothing was found in the shark just taken, but another was caught and hauled up by a rope, which one of the sailors managed to fasten round its slimy body. It was all but secured when the rope slipped, and away went our friend,



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or rather our enemy, no doubt carrying with him the Chinaman's leg and fortune.

We were only a few hours on Thursday Island, and left it without regret, though again it presented a pretty picture as we sailed round the corner and could see the Governor's and other houses perched up on the heights above the town and surrounded by dark green foliage.

The sun sank below the horizon that evening in a perfect blaze of colour, far too wonderful a sight for mere words to give any idea of its glory, nothing but actual vision could make one realize such splendour. We felt we were getting near home, as now the Great Bear was visible on one side of the ship, while on the other the Southern Cross held sway.

The next day was St. Patrick's, and in honour of the occasion one of the passengers came down to breakfast wearing a huge green bow instead of his usual tie. It seemed a far cry from this tropical sea and unclouded atmosphere to the green land of St. Patrick and its misty skies.

The weather was now perfect, and the sea as calm as the proverbial mill pond. There was a glorious moon, and we sat on deck far into the night, loth to leave such beauty and coolness for

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our hot and stuffy cabins. It made one recall Southey's lines:

“ How beautiful is night !  
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,  
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain  
Breaks the serene of heaven ;  
In full orb'd glory yonder moon divine  
Rolls through the dark blue depths.  
Beneath her steady ray  
The desert circle spreads  
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.  
How beautiful is night ! ”

and the night were indeed gloriously, transcendently beautiful. Late in the afternoon we approached Port Darwin, which looked a most inviting place, the thick, tropical foliage growing right down to the water's edge. The tide was full in, and the water perfectly clear, reminding me of the pellucid depths at Chateau d'If near Marseilles. Appearances, however, were again deceptive. Port Darwin looks pretty enough to the casual visitor, but it is terribly hot, and the last place in which it would be desirable or pleasant to live, at least so we were told. There are very few white inhabitants, but a good many Chinese and a sprinkling of aborigines and other coloured men. Rather a motley crowd were on the wharf to greet us, but the white

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folk hailed us with especial joy. We were able here, as at Thursday Island, to step on shore without the intervention of a boat, and were fortunate enough to secure the only vehicle Port Darwin seems to boast. It was a kind of small waggonette holding four. The last time my brother and his wife had been to Port Darwin they were unable to get this much sought after conveyance, so they were particularly glad of the opportunity it afforded of exploring the place; as to walk any distance in the terrific heat was impossible.

There is quite a nice hotel with wonderful creepers growing all over its verandah and balconies, to which we drove first; as the driver of the waggonette had to get permission from the Manager (who was the owner of our horse and carriage) to take us round. From the hotel we went on to the Botanic Gardens. In a few years' time these gardens will be well worth a visit from those interested in horticulture, especially of the tropical kind, as it has many fine specimens of trees and plants. There is a magnificent avenue of cocoanut palm trees and another of crotons, also some remarkably fine hibiscus shrubs whose scarlet tasselled blossoms stood out with startling

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vividness against the dark tree ferns. The grasses were most beautiful, seven or eight feet in height, and of various colours, pink, yellow and brown, etc. In one part there was a splendid display of brilliantly-coloured tropical flowers, though their beauty was somewhat marred by the weeds and climbing plants that almost choked them. Want of labour is a serious drawback to horticultural enterprises of this kind; if the flowers grow easily and quickly, so do the weeds, and it is a hard and constant fight to keep the latter down. Indeed, it is surprising the gardens are so well kept, and reflects great credit on those in charge of them. There were some especially fine specimens of the "traveller's palm" or ravenala, which I now saw for the first time. The tree looks like an enormous expanded fan of a bright green colour. The stalks of its huge leaves hold water, sometimes as much as a quart; this is obtained by piercing them, and it is quite good to drink. Often these palms have been a priceless boon to travellers when no other water was obtainable, and that is the origin of the name. The tree grows to a considerable height, and presents a most graceful appearance; as it grows the lower leaves drop off, and there is often a very

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long *handle* to the fan sometimes reaching thirty feet; the leaves are used by the natives to thatch their houses. Another object that attracted our attention was a huge banyan tree with its branches continually turning into roots and stems.

On our way back from the gardens our driver took us to see his collection of birds. There must have been over a thousand, and their plumage was wonderfully beautiful, and so varied in colour. They were not singing birds, and most of them were very small, their chief value lay in the exquisite and rare colouring of their feathers. It is interesting to note that the plainest feathered birds, like the lark, have the sweetest song, nature thus giving compensation for the homely exterior. The man said he was going to take the birds to Europe to sell, but that it was a difficult business to get them so far alive, and many died on the way. Poor little birds, how they would miss their bright, tropical home in the dull cities of the West!

When we reached the town which bears the name of Palmerston we said goodbye to our guide, as we wanted to visit Chinatown with its quaint shops, where all the Chinese population live. Here we bought postcards and other souvenirs of our

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visit, also some fresh fruit to take on board ship. Port Darwin boasts a hospital, and we met some of the nurses (who are also nuns), not clothed in the dark conventual garb, but wearing the prettiest and most effective nurse's costume I have ever seen. It consisted of a white dress, and over it a pale blue apron back and front, and a long veil of the same blue colour. They looked so fresh and dainty it made one feel cooler to look at them.

In Chinatown we met some of our fellow passengers, Mr. and Mrs. G., their niece, and her friend, Mrs. S., who questioned us eagerly as to where we had gone when we disappeared in such a mysterious fashion. We gave them an account of our peregrinations, and expressed our sorrow that the vehicle had not been large enough to take them with us, as we should have liked to do. It was getting dark, so we went back to the ship, and there found why the white inhabitants had been so pleased to see us. A steamer in the harbour meant unlimited ice drinks for them all; Port Darwin is a place that "raises a thirst," and yet has no ice wherewith to quench it satisfactorily. While we were sight-seeing they had made the most of their opportunities, and remained the whole time on board, following the example of the

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“thirsty Earth that drinks and gapes for drink again,” as, till the next steamer came round, there would be no more ice-cold “plenteous draughts” wherewith to revive their souls. In return they gave us a most charming impromptu concert; some of them had very fine voices indeed, and the part-singing sounded beautiful and melodious on the still, night air.

At midnight we departed from Port Darwin, leaving the thirsty to look and long for the next steamer. Three drowsy, stifling hot days followed, the nights bringing little relief from the burning heat, except that the darkness was grateful after the scorching glare of the sun all day.

We were now passing a succession of little islands “lifting their fronded palms in air,” the sea between Port Darwin and Java being a veritable archipelago. None, however, were worthy of note, though all looked pretty and seemed fertile, until we entered Lombok Straits and passed between the islands of Lombok and Bali. Here the true East begins and the fauna and flora of Australasia ends.

Instead of the playful and harmless wallaby, the fierce leopard and man-eating tiger are to be found on Bali and Lombok, as in the forests of Java.

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The two mighty peaks of these islands (Bali and Lombok) tower aloft into the sky, but owing to their proximity to the Equator, are never covered with snow. Our steamer passed so close to Lombok that we could look into the caves and through most wonderful arches made by the action of the water.

Lombok is one of the Sunda Islands, and lies between Bali and Sumbawa; it is of volcanic origin, and its highest peak is over 12,000 feet high. Crops similar to those in Java are cultivated, and buffaloes, cattle and horses are bred and exported. The chief town bears the same name as our ship, Mataram, and lies on the Western coast, but the chief commercial centre is Ampanam. Since 1894 this island has been under the control of the Dutch. Bali is larger than Lombok, and also belongs to Holland. Its highest mountain, the volcano Gunong-Agung, rises to a height of 10,400 feet; the products of the island are similar to those of Java, rice, sugar, coffee, etc., etc.

The natives of Bali are among the most interesting peoples of Malaysia. They are closely allied to the Malayan-Java type, both in physique and language, and have the same capacity for culture.



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They also excel in handicrafts, such as metal work. But the chief interest lies in the fact that they have kept Brahmanism as their religion, and in a form much older than is found in Hindustan at the present time. Long before Hinduism was known to Java that faith was firmly rooted in Bali, so firmly so that when the surrounding islands, including Java, had been compelled to accept the Koran, Bali remained faithful to its old belief, and Brahmanism has there the same strong hold now as it had a thousand years ago. While our steamer was passing the island we looked up at the huge, extinct volcano (Mt. Agung), which stands out like Mt. Fugi in Japan, and is much the same sugarloaf shape. Just as we approached it the sun was setting in a blaze of splendour, and sharp against the crimson sky the peak stood out a mass of purple and gold, while below and beyond white, fleecy clouds floated, throwing into relief the gorgeous colouring. It was magnificent! At the foot of the mountain among the palm trees were little brown villages, the houses with thatched roofs. We came so near that we could easily distinguish the men at work in the fields and the children playing on the sandy beach. Leaving Bali behind, we went on our way, and though

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we passed other islands, it was getting too dark to see them.

It was our last night on board the Mataram, and we felt quite sorry to leave it and our kind and courteous captain.

## CHAPTER VI

### JAVA—LANDING AT SOURABAYA

JAVA derives its name from the Sanscrit word Yava, meaning rich in millet or barley, and is the important island of the Dutch East Indies, it is also the richest, most populous, and one of the most beautiful islands of the world; for this reason it has been styled “ The Garden of the East,” and the Malays call it “ The Pearl of the East.” The Portuguese were the first to discover its value, and gained a footing there in the sixteenth century, but they were not left long in undisputed possession; the Dutch followed them, and, establishing trading stations along the coast, soon supplanted the Portuguese, and encroaching still further into the interior, annexed more and more country till the whole island was practically under their control in 1808, and absolutely so in 1825, when the last rebellious native ruler was subjugated. Java belonged to England from 1811-1816, the British having taken possession of the

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island when Holland was united to France under Napoleon. During those years, under the strong, judicious and humane rule of Sir Stamford Raffles, the natives were well governed and the island prosperous. It was a thousand pities that England gave up such a beautiful and valuable possession, but it was given back to Holland when Napoleon fell. The Dutch returned and installed themselves, showing greater energy than ever, and the natives had a very hard time under the severe discipline known as the "culture system," of which I shall speak later. But those times are now over, and the natives seem contented and happy under Dutch rule.

Java is a long, narrow island (666 miles long and varying in width from 46 to 126 miles) near Sumatra and Borneo; the clear waters of the sea of Java wash its northern coast, which is low and swampy, covered with mangrove trees and overgrown with rank vegetation down to the water's edge. In contrast to this, the south coast rises rocky and precipitous, and at the base of its high cliffs the surf of the Indian Ocean continually breaks. East and west the straits of Bali and Sunda respectively divide it from the islands of the same name. It is not so difficult to gain access

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to Java now as it was when Miss Scidmore visited it many years ago, but still there are a good many rules and regulations to be complied with. You cannot remain on shore at any port more than twenty-four hours without registering your name, age, religion, nationality, place of birth, occupation, and name and captain of the ship you came in, and you must state your object in visiting Java. The authorities being satisfied on all these points, you will receive a permit or passport called a Toelatings-Kart, and will be free of the country unless you wish to shoot big game or indulge in any other sort of sport, when an extra permit must be obtained. The money in use in Java is the same as in the Netherlands, though the design on the coins of lesser value is different. A silver guilder is the standard coin, its value being 1s. 8d. in English money, so that twelve guilders equal an English £1 sterling. The smaller coins are the half guilder = 10d.; quarter guilder = 5d.; a silver piece worth 2d. and a stuiver worth one penny, but English sovereigns are accepted everywhere. At most of the hotels and in the bigger shops in the towns English (of a kind) is spoken, but those who know Dutch and Malay have a great advan-

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tage, especially those knowing the latter language.

As a rule, the traveller visits Java from Singapore, and lands first at Batavia on the west, but as we were coming from Australia we came in at the opposite end of the island, and arrived first at Sourabaya. The only disadvantage in so doing is that you get all the more characteristic and distinctively Javanese sights at the *beginning* of your trip.

Our ship was now about to enter the roadstead outside Sourabaya; in the distance there appeared what looked like a huge Noah's ark in the midst of a sandy waste.

The captain told us it was a lighthouse, and that the sea covered the sand at high tide. What appeared like the boat part of the ark proved to be in reality a broad verandah, adorned with gaily-coloured flowers and plants in pots, the whole effect being most quaint. I rushed for my camera to get a snapshot, but when I returned with it we were already far away, and the lighthouse came out as a tiny speck in an expanse of sea and sand. The pilot's arrival on board warned us that our voyage was almost ended, and we followed the example of our fellow passengers

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and hastened to get our luggage ready. The Mataram (in common with all other big ships) had to anchor a considerable distance from the landing-stage, and in the absence of a steam launch, which was *not* provided by the Company, our entry into Sourabaya had to be made in a sampan or native boat, not unlike a punt, but with an awning to keep off sun and rain. We were expecting a guide to meet us, as we had asked for one to be in readiness, but the moment the ship anchored such a crowd of coolies and Malays swarmed up the gangways, all shouting and jabbering in an unknown tongue, that it was a perfect Pandemonium, and we could not make ourselves heard, much less understood. Some of the passengers managed to get sampans and departed. We were endeavouring to follow their example, as we had given up all hope of finding our guide, when an agent of the Burns Philp Company, who spoke English, came to our rescue and got us a sampan. Some portion of our luggage had been placed in this boat, and we were half-way down the gangway, intending to get in beside it, when we were arrested by the most piercing shrieks and yells, and to our horror, we saw a Government launch coming swiftly round from

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the other side of the steamer. Without the slightest warning, it crashed into the little waiting sampans, smashing most of them, and reducing our particular one to matchwood. Imagine our consternation at seeing our precious belongings tossing about in the sea! We gave them up for lost, but fortunately the wash from the launch carried them up against the side of our ship, and the smart, nimble-fingered coolies managed in some marvellous manner to retrieve them, and threw them into the one sampan that had miraculously escaped the general destruction. It was the cleverest thing I had ever seen, not excepting conjuring tricks, and the whole episode was over in a couple of minutes. But even the brief immersion of a few seconds had made our luggage thoroughly wet, and the contents of trunks and bags were in a deplorable condition when we unpacked them in Sourabaya. The excitement caused by this episode was immense, and many were the expressions of sympathy we received from the lookers on. Finally, with the agent's help, we got another and larger sampan, and with all our belongings, both wet and dry, we set out for land. This delay, however, had allowed the already threatening clouds to gather thickly in



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the sky, and half way to shore, to add to our discomfort, a heavy thunderstorm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, came on. Sea and sky seemed indeed to have conspired against us, and we were soon as wet as our immersed luggage, in spite of the awning of our boat, which evidently served the purpose of a sunshade better than that of an umbrella.

We were profoundly thankful, when we at last reached our destination and could step on shore, to feel we had said good-bye to the sea for some weeks, at all events.

We got our luggage through the Customs without the slightest trouble; the Customhouse Authorities at Sourabaya were most polite, and showed their discrimination by not worrying us about our belongings, whereby friction was avoided and much time saved. When we emerged from the Customhouse we found outside some strange looking vehicles, something like dog-carts, with a canopy overhead, but the seats and the bottom of the car almost on a level, so that instead of the feet hanging down as in an ordinary dog-cart, you had perforce to stretch them out before you. Two passengers can sit behind with their backs to the back of the driver, whence the

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name *sados*, a corruption of *dos à dos*. The whole of the front seat is occupied by the driver, and he needs it, as he flourishes his whip and gesticulates with his arms in a rather alarming fashion. There are more comfortable carriages called "Kosongs," four wheelers, and generally drawn by a pair of horses, but these had been snapped up by the passengers who had preceded us, so it was a case of Hobson's choice. My brother and the agent took one *sados* and drove off to the Bank to obtain the all important money and necessary passports. My sister-in-law and I were hoisted (I can use no other term) into a second, and whirled away to our hotel at a terrific pace; for the drivers in Java simply tear along as fast as possible without the slightest regard for the lives or limbs of pedestrians. These latter seemed quite accustomed to the Jehu-like propensities of Javanese coachmen, and showed considerable agility in skipping out of the way. As for us, we just held on like grim death to the sides of the vehicle, for as we knew no Malay and he no English, we could not make our driver go more slowly. Except that we had the name of our hotel we were completely at his mercy; he could take us where he liked; it gave me the most curious feeling of

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helplessness I had ever experienced. This rapid rate of progress was the more annoying, as we were soon passing through most fascinating scenes of Javanese life, and we would have given anything to stop and look at them, or even pass them by more slowly.

The wharf at Sourabaya is situated like most docks in a very unaristocratic part of the town, and we had to drive a long way before reaching the Dutch residential quarter, where the best hotels are to be found, as well as the finest houses. At first we skirted the canal, passing the huge buildings belonging to the dockyards which lined one side of the road, as well as some very ugly, small ones. The boats in the canal looked most picturesque with their wooden roofs painted in various colours, their striped sails and brightly-decorated prows; the effect was very gay. We then turned a corner so suddenly that we were nearly jerked into the road, and found ourselves opposite a big, ancient-looking building shaded by beautiful trees; this we learnt later was the "Prins Hendrik," an old fort no longer in use. Another turn and we were in a narrow street teeming with Oriental life, with Chinese and Javanese shops or bazaars on either side. These latter seemed full

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of quaint and unknown things, as far as could be seen during our rapid transit, but we could only catch glimpses of these marvels. The thoroughfare was crowded with a motley collection of Malays, Javanese, Chinese, Negroes and even Arabs conspicuous in their long, white garments; in fact, all sorts and conditions of men and women were represented, all dressed in the costume of their country, making a wonderful kaleidoscopic scene.

The Chinese were mostly dressed in white or blue linen jacket and trousers, their long pigtailed with red silk hanging down their backs; the Javanese were clad in the native costume of sarong and kabaja worn by men and women alike.

The sarong is a long, straight piece of native cloth, very wide, painted in various designs and different colours, blue, red and brown being the most common; on one side there is a border, and in certain parts of Java the sarong has a panel of more elaborate design than the rest of the piece. This cloth is worn round the body from the waist to the feet, forming a kind of petticoat or skirt, and when there is a panel this comes to the front; the whole is kept in place by a belt of thick ribbon. Over this is worn the Kabaja (or kabaia), a loose

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jacket, generally of a bright colour, fastened, in the women's case, with three little silver brooches connected by chains of the same metal.\* When the men are doing any hard work they take off this jacket, leaving the upper part of the body bare. So far the dress is alike for both sexes, but the women wear in addition a *slendang*, which is a broad sash of cloth similar in kind to the *sarong*, but not necessarily the same colour. This is put on so as to pass under one arm and fasten on the opposite shoulder with the ends hanging down at the back, a little after the fashion in which some Highlanders wear the plaid. The *slendang* serves the Javanese woman as a pocket or carry-all, and is a most capacious one; often you will see peeping out of its voluminous folds the downy, black head of a Javanese baby. The *slendang* is a mark of respectability, without it no self-respecting Javanese female would be seen abroad. The women wear no covering on their heads, but the men invariably have a turban composed of a square piece of the same cloth as the *sarong*, folded round the head in a particularly neat way, and finished off with a curious knot, the ends forming

\* See cover of book.

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a loop each side like cats' ears. All this of course we learnt later.

The strangest sight of all, and one that never lost its interest during our stay in Java, was the native carrier. At the ends of a bamboo pole, the middle of which rests on his shoulders, he carries every conceivable thing. Sometimes deep baskets containing fruit and vegetables, or flat ones with fish and native food, are fixed to each end; at other times huge bundles of fodder for the bullocks and horses; or at the end of one pole will hang a primitive charcoal stove, and at the other a basket with eatables ready to be cooked when required. It is marvellous what heavy weights can be carried in this way; even bricks for building purposes, quite a huge pile being balanced in a hod or basket at each end of the pole. We passed many motors and numerous bicycles, also well-appointed carriages drawn by very good horses, generally in pairs. In some of the carriages, reclining at ease, were richly dressed Chinamen, as a great number of the Celestials living in Sourabaya, and indeed in most of the towns in Java, are exceedingly wealthy, and live in good style in beautiful houses, waited on by Javanese or Malay servants.



NATIVE CARRIER, JAVA





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From the narrow street we emerged into a square, caught a glimpse of a market, and then entered a broad avenue, the Simpang Road, shaded on either side by tjemara trees. Here were some fine shops and one of the best cafés in the Dutch East Indies—Grimm's Restaurant. We continued our way at the same break-neck speed, passing under the beautiful trees and noting some fine public buildings, till we finally, after a drive of more than an hour, rattled into the open space in front of the Simpang Hotel.

This hotel is considered the best in Sourabaya, and is always full; just then it was more crowded than usual on account of the nearness of the Easter holidays. Fortunately we had secured rooms by cabling, at half-a-crown a word, from Thursday Island, or we should not have got in. Some of our fellow passengers were not so lucky, and had considerable difficulty in finding accommodation anywhere, though there are two or three other excellent hotels in Sourabaya besides the Hotel Simpang. Our host, who appeared at the entrance to welcome us, spoke English well. He explained as he conducted us to our rooms that he much regretted he could not give us the two bedrooms we required close together, but it was impossible as the place was so full.

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Hotel Simpang was quite unlike any building I had seen hitherto, and consisted of a large, one-storied house in the centre, with a number of smaller houses or bungalows, built at a little distance round three sides of it, the whole covering a considerable tract of ground. These smaller buildings contained bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens, and various offices, while the central building had the dining-room and larger bedrooms. The various bungalows are connected with each other and with the principal house by narrow paved or concrete passages covered overhead with galvanized iron, but open at the sides, and slightly raised to escape the damp of the ground in wet weather. The spaces between the passages are filled with soft gravel which you can walk across if you like, but it is not so pleasant as on the pathways. We were taken along a very wide verandah to an immense room in the main building which had been reserved for my brother and his wife. All the rooms, both large and small, open on to the verandah, and that portion immediately in front of each room is reserved as a sitting-room for the occupant, and furnished with table, chairs and footstools, and has a brilliant overhanging light. There is no drawing-room or lounge in

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Javanese hotels, the verandah answers the purpose. The great drawback to this arrangement is its publicity, for the outer part of the verandah is a thoroughfare, and forms the only means of access to the various rooms, so that people are always passing and repassing. We entered the bedroom through a door which had two leaves, like a folding door, but which was not continued the whole way to the ceiling, in order that a current of air might pass at the top and keep the room cool; a wooden bar secures this door inside. The window had only shutters, no glass; and the shutters are nearly always closed to keep the room dark and therefore cool in the daytime, but at night the electric light brilliantly illuminates the interior. The room contained two huge four-post beds, about seven or eight feet square; no blankets or counterpane, but each had a sheet tightly stretched across the mattress, a couple of ordinary pillows in white pillow cases, and a long one like a bolster which is called a "Dutch wife." It is supposed to assuage your sufferings from the heat, either by being used as a support for your feet, thus allowing the air to play round you, or else, when there seems to be no air, to be kicked about as a relief to your feverish feelings. A

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white canopy at the top and mosquito curtains all round completed the equipment. The floor was stone or concrete, so that no insect might find lodgment, and quite bare except for some narrow strips of matting alongside the beds. The rest of the furniture consisted of a large wardrobe of dark wood fitted with shelves, a square table in the middle of the room, smaller ones by each bed, a washstand with looking-glass on the wall above it, so that it did duty as dressing-table as well, and two really respectable sized jugs and basins. These last were a pleasant surprise, for we had been told to expect nothing larger than a sugar bowl and cream jug. There were two or three chairs and a fairly high screen covered with some sort of tapestry, with hooks on the side next the room on which to hang your garments. This screen was very necessary to protect the interior of the room from prying eyes, as the doors are generally left open for the sake of coolness. Wherever we went in Java we found the same style of bed and room, larger or smaller as the case might be; the only exception was at Buitenzorg in the Hotel Bellevue, where the rooms were carpeted all over and furnished more in European style. After inspecting this apartment and seeing

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the luggage deposited therein, we were conducted along several of the outside passages until we came to a little courtyard planted with shady trees, where was a small building containing two bedrooms, one of which was allotted to me. The other I was pleased to find was to be occupied by a young lady, a fellow passenger, who, being also separated from her party, was equally relieved to have me as neighbour; for this court and building were rather isolated, and evidently formed one of the outside boundaries of the Simpang ground, a high wall dividing one side of the court from the public road. The verandah outside each room was arranged in a similar manner to that in the larger building, and furnished with table and chairs, but was far pleasanter, as, being a sort of *cul-de-sac*, there were no passers by. This was a decided advantage, as it gives you rather a shock to find your passage along the verandah barred by the naked feet of a portly Dutchman who spends the greater part of his afternoon outside his bedroom extended at full length in his lounge chair smoking and reading, dressed only in pyjamas, his feet, guiltless of socks or shoes, stretched out on the movable pieces of wood attached to the arms of the chair. He and such like gentlemen take up

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much more than their legitimate room, and are so lazy that they will scarcely take the trouble to move their feet to allow you to pass; such an effect has a tropical climate on European manners!

In spite of our interest in the newness and strangeness of our surroundings, we could not any longer ignore the pangs of hunger. It was now 3 o'clock, and we had tasted nothing since our breakfast on board ship. The *riz tavel* or midday meal was, of course, over, but the manager of the hotel had an excellent repast ready for us and some of our fellow passengers, soon after 3 o'clock, and we were quite ready for it. The meal was quite ordinary and European, soup, meat, vegetables, and what looked like *blanc-mange*, also some sort of stewed fruit, and then cheese, butter and biscuits. Any of the ordinary mineral waters, and wine and spirits, can be obtained, but the water in Sourabaya is excellent, as it is brought in pipes from the Kasri-springs on the slope of the Ardjoens.

My brother returned from his successful quest for money and passports just in time to join us. It was fortunate we were given such a substantial late luncheon, as, though you get afternoon tea in Java, it is tea pure and simple, with nothing to

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eat, and is brought to each person separately on a little tray and placed on the table in the verandah outside his room. As dinner is never served before 8.30 and often not till 9 o'clock p.m., we should have been in a desperate condition, as we had had no time to supply ourselves with biscuits. We took care to provide ourselves with a good stock of these later, when we knew more about Javanese customs. You can buy a great variety of biscuits, even Huntley and Palmer's, in all the big towns in Java, and I should strongly advise the traveller to have two or three small tins of these as part of his luggage; they will be found most useful, and in some places really necessary, for instance in outlying districts and upon the mountains where the bread is not very good. We should have liked to go out and explore, but were obliged to spend the rest of the afternoon in unpacking and endeavouring to dry our wet garments, to which the Java sea had been so unkind. We found that not only were the clothes soaked, but unhappily the red in a shawl, which was in one of my sister-in-law's boxes, in close proximity to some of her best wearing apparel, had proved untrustworthy, and the colour had run, and Joseph's renowned coat could not have been more

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particoloured than some of her unlucky garments, which were of course completely spoiled. Those that had escaped the crimson stain were horribly sticky with the salt water, and if not of washing material were quite unwearable. It was most annoying, to be obliged to spend the time in this unpleasant but necessary task, when we were longing to see more of Sourabaya.

The guide engaged for us by Burns Philp arrived to be interviewed, but he was neither so satisfactory nor so pleasant in his manner as the one who brought us ashore. The latter was a Eurasian, whereas the new guide was Dutch, and spoke English better than he understood it. I came to this conclusion as he never seemed able to answer our questions properly, his replies being either vague and unsatisfactory or else wide of the mark, nor did he ever attempt to explain things. He was also much too fine a gentleman for our purpose; he never offered to relieve us of coat or umbrella, and if anything was handed to him to carry he immediately passed it on to a coolie. The Dutch, and indeed all Europeans in Java, consider it derogatory to their dignity to carry the smallest thing, or even to open the door of a room or carriage, these menial offices being performed



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by Malay or Javanese coolies. All this guide did for us, therefore, was to translate at railway stations and hotels, and make the natives do our bidding, and for this he was paid 10s. a day and all his expenses! It is not easy to get guides of any kind, but the best to employ are Eurasians, who generally know Dutch and Malay and enough English to understand all your wishes, while some of them speak English well. Failing one of these, it will be found quite satisfactory to hire a Malay or Javanese boy, who knows sufficient English to translate your wants. They are much less expensive, as you pay them a fixed sum per day or week (not a quarter as much as the other guides charge), and they find their own food and lodging, travel with the natives in the trains at a much cheaper rate, and yet serve your purpose quite as well. A party of our fellow passengers took a Malay boy in this way and found him a most excellent guide. Anyone who has a command of Malay can travel through the length and breadth of Java without a guide. The natives are never allowed to learn or use Dutch, so that all Europeans living in the Dutch East Indies must know Malay and be able to speak it fluently. Therefore for travel purposes Malay is more useful than

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Dutch, though it is better to know both. The dearth of competent guides is a serious drawback, but this should soon be remedied, as the demand is certain to create the supply.

It was the eve of Good Friday, and our guide informed us that the shops would be shut and the people away holiday-making from the next morning till the following Tuesday. That being so, we thought it would be better to start early next day for Tosari, and return to Sourabaya when the holidays were over. For some reason of his own the guide opposed this, and wished to wait, saying the Sanatorium at Tosari would be so full with the people who had gone there for Easter that we should have great difficulty in getting accommodation, and he would need time to make the necessary arrangements. My brother gave in about starting next morning, but insisted on our leaving on Saturday, and told the guide he must try and find room for us by that time. The Sanatorium at Tosari turned out to be in telegraphic communication with Sourabaya, so there was really no difficulty, except what the guide chose to make. The next day was Good Friday; there was of course no English Church or service in Sourabaya; all seemed to regard it just as a public

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holiday and day of pleasure. After breakfast we got two carriages from the hotel, each holding two persons, and set off to see as much as we could of the town. My brother and the guide went in the first carriage to show the way, and we ladies followed in the second. We had been told by the guide that the shops would all be shut, but to our surprise we saw they were open and doing a brisk trade. We tried to attract the attention of the guide, but though he was supposed to be showing us the sights, he never once looked round or pointed out any places of interest, so we tried in vain. We wanted to go to a shop and get a waterproof for my brother, who would need it at Tosari, as the rainy season was not yet over, but we had to wait till we returned to the hotel before we could get hold of the guide. He seemed surprised that we did not know the shops would be open till 12 or 1 o'clock, although closed in the afternoon, and rather unwillingly turned back and drove with us to a fine large draper's shop, where they seemed to have the latest European fashions, and my brother succeeded in getting a very nice waterproof coat. Not that it was much use to him; whether because it was unlucky through being bought on Good Friday, or for some other

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mysterious reason, it disappeared next morning at the railway station, and was never heard of again. It *was* annoying!

We returned to the hotel for luncheon, or as it is called “riz tavel,” or rice table, so named because the *pièce de resistance* is a huge plateful of rice to which are added various sorts of meat. It was our first experience of it. A large soup plate is set before you flanked by several little plates. Plain boiled rice is brought round and you help yourself. Then you are handed a number of dishes one after the other, containing fish, pieces of meat, stewed chicken, curry, eggs, various vegetables and lots of queer looking eatables. You make your choice, placing them on the little plates, from which you transfer them in any order you please to the soup plate, and eat them with the rice. It is quite a good dish in a hotel like the Simpang, and most satisfying, but in some places the condiments offered to you with the rice, look so strange and taste so queer that you go on rejecting each in the hope of something better till you find yourself with rice alone, which is not at all satisfying. At the Simpang they give you also boiled or fried fish, roast beef, and stewed fruits of various kinds; these latter are sometimes handed to eat with the meat.

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In Java the European spends the afternoon in repose, and wakes up about four o'clock, when tea is brought round to each room. From five to eight o'clock is the time for driving, and the ladies discard the sarong and kabaja and appear in elaborate toilettes. No hats or bonnets are worn, though I believe on state occasions and at concerts they have some sort of headgear. In the daytime a sunshade keeps the heat off, and when the sun goes down they are cooler and more comfortable without any covering on the head. I hear the fashion in this respect is changing, and hats are being worn a good deal.

I was not much inclined for repose, as everything was so new and strange, but I thought a bath would be very refreshing on such a hot afternoon. I had not ventured to take one in the morning, as though I saw Dutch ladies lightly garbed and wearing wooden shoes emerging from the bathrooms, which were in a little pavilion by themselves, I had not the courage to cross the compound in dressing gown and slippers, not knowing what might await me, as I had heard such queer stories about the bathing accommodation in Java. Providing myself with towels, I set off to explore, and as it was not the usual hour for bathing I had

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no difficulty in finding an empty bathroom. The door was fastened inside with a wooden bolt, and having secured this, I gazed around me with interest. I found myself in what at home one would call a wash-house; as the big stone cistern in the corner had all the appearance of a copper in which to boil clothes. The floor was brick, or tiles that looked like bricks, and the room was lighted from the roof. A tin pail or dipper with a handle at one side like a saucepan, a high wooden stool, and three pegs let into the wall completed the furniture.

I no longer wondered that the ladies wore wooden shoes, and devoutly wished I had a pair myself, as I realised that by the time a bath had been taken Javanese fashion, that is by pouring the water over you, the whole place would be a swamp with not a dry spot, and you would be obliged to finish your toilet standing in water, as the floor did not slope enough to allow it to drain off quickly as it should have done. However, "necessity being the mother of invention," I managed to dress standing on one foot, keeping the booted one out of the wet by resting it on the stool turned sideways, then putting on the final stocking and shoe in the least wet place by the

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door, and making a rush for the latter. It was difficult, but I managed to emerge fairly dryshod. The bath itself was most delightful; the cold water poured over one is much more refreshing and cooling, and less of a shock, than getting into a cold bath in the ordinary way. The same kind of bath is used all over Java, and one gets not only accustomed to it, but learns to prefer it.

Some funny stories are told of European tyros in Javanese bathing; one, of a man who tried to climb into the cistern, another of a person who used the cistern as a basin, putting soap into it, thereby necessitating its being completely emptied before it could be used by anyone else, to the consternation of his host, as the cisterns hold many gallons of water. Occasionally you will find the bathroom in close proximity to your room, one being allowed for every two or three bedrooms, but generally they are some distance away, and sometimes, as at Hotel Bellevue in Buitenzorg, near Batavia, quite a day's journey from the sleeping apartments.

I returned to my room much refreshed, to find tea awaiting me on the verandah outside my door, and a smiling Malay engaged in beating my bed and the inside of the mosquito curtains with a

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broom made of twigs tied together, in order to dislodge any mosquito or such like insect which might have secreted itself in the hope of a meal. Having satisfied himself that all was in order, he proceeded to draw the netting closely round the bed to keep the mosquitos out. In the daytime the curtains are drawn back to let in the air and looped up on bamboo or bone hooks. I tried to talk to this native and find out if he were Malay or Javanese, but the conversation was not very satisfactory, as his English and my Malay were about equal.

There are no women servants in evidence in the East; all the waiting, attendance, etc., is done by men, and very deftly and quickly done.

After tea I packed for Tosari, as we had to make an early start next morning. We were told to restrict our luggage as much as possible, because on leaving the train at Pasoeroean the remainder of the journey had to be done by carriage and on horseback or in sedan chairs, the luggage being carried on the backs of horses or mules. The dinner hour in Java is very late, 8.30 or 9 o'clock; so much is eaten at the *riz tavel* that no one is ready for it earlier. It was just an ordinary table d'hôte, soup, fish, meat, jellies, stewed fruit, etc. There were some strange looking dishes handed



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round, but as I did not venture on them I cannot say what they were. We had, however, one new experience, in tasting for the first time that most delicious and incomparable fruit, the mangosteen. This fruit is about the size of a Tangerine orange, but of a dark, reddish brown colour, and speckled with yellow or grey; the rind is very thick, and shows outside where it is divided within into segments, like an orange. The interior consists of a white, juicy substance that combines both acidity and sweetness in its unique flavour, which cannot be compared to any fruit I have ever tasted; it is most like a combination of strawberries or peaches and ice-cream.

The Mangosteen tree (of the natural order of *Guttiferæ*) is a native of the Molucca Islands, and never exceeds more than 20 feet in height; it is something like a fir tree in shape; the leaves are shiny and leathery looking, and it has a large flower with a corolla of four dark red petals. It was introduced into Java, and is much cultivated there, but is too delicate a fruit to be exported any distance. We were told that quite a large sum of money had been offered to anyone who would manage to convey a mangosteen in good condition to Holland, so that the Dutch Queen might taste

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it, but so far no one has succeeded, and the reward is still to be claimed. The fruit must be eaten fresh, as soon after it is picked the white interior begins to turn brown, and eventually shrivels and dries up. Java boasts of many other delicious fruits, such as the pomelo, like a green water melon but pink inside; the red rambutan with a prickly shell similar to a horse chestnut, but with a white, juicy substance inside; the duka with a leathery rind and grape-like taste; the papaya or custard fruit resembling a melon, and the durian, that monster fruit which is said "to surpass in flavour all the fruits of the world," but has such a horrible and disgusting smell that it is never allowed in the hotels, and therefore must be eaten far from human habitations. The natives eat it freely, and it is always on sale cut in sections in their passers or markets. It is never picked, but allowed to fall to the ground when ripe. Dr. Ward in his Medical Topography of the Straits, says: "Those who overcome the prejudice excited by the disagreeable, fetid odour of the external shell, reckon it delicious." Little children love it. Besides these less well-known fruits there are many others more or less familiar by importation, such as the cocoanut, the banana (a universal

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fruit in Java, each native hut having its own banana tree), the melon, orange, lime and pineapple. The last named grows most plentifully, but we were warned not to eat it as it often causes fever and cholera in Europeans. But not one of all these fruits can be compared with the mango-steen, which is the Queen of Fruits in my opinion.

## CHAPTER VII

### TOSARI AND THE BROMO

THERE are no night trains in Java, which is rather a pity, as the gain in coolness and freedom from dust would be considerable, but all the engine drivers and stokers are natives and evidently the Dutch consider there is less risk of accident in daylight travel; it also gives the tourist an opportunity of viewing the landscape, which is of course an advantage. In consequence, the train starts abnormally early so as to get as much of the journey over before the heat of the day as possible. Five o'clock a.m. is not an unusual hour. I am glad to say our train was a particularly late one, and did not leave till a quarter to eight, but even this necessitated our getting up soon after six in order to have our breakfast and leave for the station soon after seven. We had seen nothing of our guide since noon the day before; he was no doubt fulfilling the engagement which prevented him from taking us to

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Tosari, as we found we could have had the same rooms at the hotel there on the Friday as on the Saturday. He turned up, however, to conduct us to the station, whither we drove, arriving there with plenty of time to spare. Here we met one of our fellow passengers, Mrs. H., and her husband, who had come to Sourabaya to meet her, and take her to their home, a cable station distant several hours' journey. A friend of theirs was seeing them off, and they introduced him to us. Later, on our return to Sourabaya, he was exceedingly kind in taking us about and showing us hospitality.

The train was in; so we were soon seated with Mr. and Mrs. H. in a first class compartment, which we found quite as comfortable as any of the carriages in England or on the Continent. The seats were arranged in the same manner, and the train was a corridor one, in the sense that all the carriages communicated; but, as in Switzerland, you walked through the middle of the carriages and not through an outside passage. The windows had a most ingenious arrangement of fine wire blinds that kept out the dust and glare, but admitted the refreshing breeze. The second class carriages are also very comfortable, and

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many of our fellow passengers chose them as much less expensive and yet quite nice. Both have restaurant cars attached, where lunch and tea is provided; but though the food is fairly good it is better to cater for oneself and take sandwiches, biscuits and Thermos bottles of tea, as we did; though, in this case, we only had to make up for our early breakfast, as we were to lunch at Poespo. Just before starting the waterproof coat was missed, but neither search in the station, nor a message sent to the Simpang Hotel, in case it had been left behind, revealed its whereabouts. The scenery through which we passed was not only beautiful but had all the charm of novelty. It was my first sight of sugar cane plantations, with their feathery flowers not unlike pampas grass; the rice fields, too, with the sun gleaming on the water that surrounded and almost covered them, were quite new to me and most interesting. Trees, palms, bamboos, bananas, etc., and tropical foliage flourished in abundance on either side of the railway line, and often one caught a glimpse of a native village embowered in a perfect mass of greenery, and sometimes of little, brown children running out to see us pass. In about two hours we reached



INTERIOR OF THE BROMO VOLCANO





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Passoeroean, where we had to leave the train and take to carriages; our friends were going on for another seven or eight hours, so long a journey was it to their distant home at the cable station. At Passoeroean, when our luggage was taken out we saw, to our dismay, that our guide had brought two large tin trunks, one large wooden box and two bags as his share, to be taken all the way to Tosari. We had been cautioned to take as little as possible and had reduced ours in consequence to the smallest limits, so we felt much aggrieved. I suggested that he must have brought all his worldly possessions with him. I was only joking, but "there is many a true word spoken in jest," and we found on our return, that counting on a long tour with us, he had given up his lodgings in Sourabaya, and brought all his belongings with him. He always dressed either in a white or khaki suit, putting a fresh one on each day; so he required plenty of room for his clothes. The station presented an animated scene, and I was much amused watching the natives who thronged the place, some selling fresh fruit, others cakes and sweetmeats; there were also vendors of queer, little paper toys, some of which I bought. By this time the guide had

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secured carriages, of which we had to have four. They only hold two people, so two were needed for ourselves, one for our guide's luggage, and one for our own, into which the guide's luggage overflowed. He stood and looked on giving directions to the coolies, but doing nothing himself, not even offering to open the carriage door for us. It was really too funny. We two ladies got into the first carriage and the guide and my brother into the second, and away we galloped, the two other carriages following behind. We drove through the most wonderful scenery along roads that were just like avenues in a park, so overshadowed were they by beautiful trees; through the native villages or kampongs, where all the inhabitants turned out to see us; past little brooks by the wayside, where the native children were disporting themselves in the water; meeting natives with huge hats like umbrellas, painted a brilliant blue, and also carriers with huge bundles of fodder for the cattle, balanced on their bamboo poles. Then the wild flowers were a most delectable sight. Everywhere the landscape glowed with them, the colouring was so vivid. It was a perfectly entrancing drive and the air was delightful, warm but not too hot. At

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Pasrepan we had to change carriages, a very necessary proceeding, as our horses were quite exhausted owing to the rapid rate at which they had been driven. They never seem to drive slowly in Java, and we had come at a gallop, although it had been uphill all the time. We went on still ascending until we arrived at Poespo, 2,600 feet above the sea level. From this point, to reach Tosari, you must proceed either on horseback or be carried in a sedan chair, there being no carriage road. We all chose the latter mode of travelling, except the guide who had a horse, and five or six extra horses were needed for the luggage. It is quite wonderful how the natives manage to sling quite large trunks by means of ropes on each side of a horse, and what a weight some of these animals can carry! Their burdens wobble about in a most alarming fashion and look as if they would fall off, but this they never seem to do. Our guide needed three horses for his luggage, the huge wooden box needing a horse to itself, as being the full amount for him to carry.

We had lunch before we started, and a very good one; then we set forth making quite an imposing cavalcade. Three sedan chairs with six

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bearers to each, four to carry and two to relieve at intervals, then about six or seven horses, the guide riding one and the others led by natives, carrying the luggage, so that we were quite a large party. Our journey was all uphill, as Tosari is some thousand feet higher than Poespo, 6,000 feet above sea level. The scenery continued to be very beautiful, and the wild flowers as luxuriant as before, but gradually the landscape became more open, the forests and woods were left behind and replaced by fields with occasional tjemari trees and what looked like firs. In the fields European vegetables are cultivated, potatoes, cabbages, onions, etc., so that the land loses its tropical aspect and appears barren in comparison with the exuberant vegetation at a lower altitude. But it was getting dusk and we could see very little during the last half hour of our journey; a fog also came on and the air felt clammy and cold. The sedan chair is quite a comfortable means of transit when you are borne in it uphill; but descending you are shaken to pieces and your poor bones rattled over the stones at a most terrific pace, especially when the bearers keep step. On reaching Tosari we found it was impossible to obtain accommodation

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at the Sanatorium; it was full up with visitors for the Easter holidays, so we were taken about one hundred yards higher up, to a kind of annexe, not nearly so comfortable or well furnished. At the Sanatorium proper, there are separate little pavilions, such as we had at the Hotel des Indes in Batavia, and in Tosari pretty gardens surround these and there are excellent tennis courts and croquet lawns. On a lofty terrace was our rather primitive hotel, consisting of one-storied wooden buildings erected round three sides of a square or courtyard, on the fourth was a wide flight of stone steps, giving the only means of access to this veritable eyrie. The accommodation was plain, even rough, and the food very bad. Lamps or candles were the only illumination. The steps did not seem to present any difficulty to our bearers, and they ran up them with the sedan chairs, glad to lay their burden down in the courtyard. The horses also climbed them as a matter of course, and seemed quite accustomed to walking upstairs. A narrow verandah ran round the building, the rooms opening on to it, as well as on to a wider verandah the other side from which you looked down into the valley below. At the top of the square facing the steps

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was the dining room, a bare looking place, with a long table down the middle; a door opposite to the one by which we came in gave access to a balcony, furnished with tables and chairs, from which a magnificent view can be obtained; at night you can see from it the twinkling lights in the Sanatorium below. The bedrooms were small but the beds as usual enormous. No mosquito curtains adorned them, none were needed, and there were blankets, as that altitude allows you to sleep between the bedclothes instead of on the top of them. The cold was intense, but the air was deliciously fresh and pure after the hot, suffocating atmosphere of Sourabaya. We were glad of all the warm wraps we had brought, and also thankful for spirit lamp and kettle, so that we could make hot tea and have it with biscuits to supplement the meagre fare provided. Dinner was served soon after our arrival, but was not a success from our point of view. There were a good many visitors, most of them, like ourselves, unable to get into the Sanatorium, and yet obliged to make the expedition then or miss it altogether. Two of the visitors were fellow passengers, Mr. and Mrs. B., and they had come up the day before, as we should

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have done, and had already made the excursion to the Bromo. Late that night, when I stepped from my room on to the outer verandah and leaning on the railing, that was the only barrier between me and the depths beneath, gazed on the scene before me, I was filled with wonder and admiration, together with a sense of awe and mystery surpassing any feeling of the kind ever inspired by the mountains in Switzerland. It was moonlight, and the mountains with their numerous peaks stood out vividly bathed in light, in striking contrast to the dark lurking shadows, intensified in places to an inky blackness which filled the gorges and ravines dividing them. Between them and me lay a valley in which nestled small, brown houses; these, and the steep, rocky path leading down to them through trees and flowers were all glorified and idealized by the beautiful moonbeams. There all was calm and quietness, the natives were evidently wrapped in slumber, as no lights were visible. But up above where I stood, the atmosphere seemed to lack that serenity and peace, which the night and the deep stillness that brooded over everything should have brought, and which one expects to experience in the mountains. Nature

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seemed to be in a waiting, listening mood, as if expecting or fearing something. One felt somehow that here the "Everlasting Hills" were not so much the symbols of the protecting strength of the God of Nature as of His power and wrath. They seemed, those outwardly cold, lifeless-looking peaks which you knew were full internally of raging burning fire, the personification of baneful demons longing to let loose their powers and carry havoc and desolation into the quiet valley below. The spirit of evil seemed abroad wrestling with the spirit of peace; one could no longer wonder that the natives in these volcanic regions worship, and try to propitiate, the death-dealing mountains, and regard them as the home of wicked spirits. These thoughts came unbidden as I stood and looked, and I felt I would not have missed for any consideration that wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten sight. Before I went back to my room the impression of evil seemed to pass and the spirit of peace to prevail; then I remembered it was Easter Eve, in fact, Easter Day had dawned.

The next day was glorious, the sun shone brightly and the air was crisp and invigorating. After breakfast I went out on the balcony adjoin-



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ing the dining-room to see the view, which was a most extensive one. Far away in the distance you could just discern the water of the Strait of Madura, which sparkled as it caught the sun's rays; in the plains beneath were rice fields almost covered with water and numerous lakes or ponds all glittering in the sunshine. On the edge of the slopes just below, and all around, were here and there Tenggerese kampongs or native villages, with their queer shaped houses, sometimes perched on a mountain ridge in a seemingly perilous position. On the left rose tall and majestic, three huge mountains, Penanggoengan, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, the "many crested" Ardjoena with its five peaks, and Kawi with three summits. A chain of volcanic mountains runs the whole length of Java from West to East; some of them are extinct but many are still active like Smeröe and the Bromo, others after slumbering for years may suddenly burst forth as the Kloet did in 1901, plunging the surrounding country for 200 miles into darkness and killing a few Europeans and over a hundred natives, besides destroying the rice and sugar crops.

I had to tear myself away from the entrancing prospect, as we had planned an excursion to a

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place called Ngadirono, among the Tengger Mountains, where they grow all the fresh vegetables and some of the fruits for Sourabaya. Mrs. B., our fellow passenger on the Mataram, strongly advised us to go. She and her husband had been and enjoyed it immensely. I was amused, however, to find she chiefly recommended it as a place where you got good bread and delicious butter. The butter in Java as a rule leaves much to be desired, so that it is a treat to get any that could be termed 'delicious, and evidently this exception had made a deep impression on her. The Javanese never use either milk or butter, dislike it in fact, and value the cow merely as a beast of burden. I presume, therefore, they are not skilled in butter-making, which probably accounts for the rancid taste most of the butter which is supplied in the hotels has, together with the extreme difficulty of keeping such a perishable article fresh in very hot weather. We left the hotel about 10 a.m., my sister-in-law in a sedan chair, my brother, the guide and myself, on foot. I don't think the guide liked this arrangement, he would have preferred to ride, but it was only about three miles and it did not seem worth while, though in fact it was a stiff

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climb. First we descended, passing through the kampong, which seemed full of natives, men, women, and children, especially the latter, and then down a precipitous path to the bank of a small river, which just then was a rushing torrent on account of recent rains. Over this we went on large stepping stones and climbed a steep ascent on the other side. Here we paused a moment to rest and view the prospect.

Far down below was the little river or mountain torrent; we could trace its course for some distance and see where it formed quite a big waterfall when it plunged from the heights into this valley. On either side of it were precipitous slopes traversed by narrow pathways. Perched on the top in little groups were the curious looking houses of the Tenggerese; for we were in the heart of the Tengger Mountains, in the stronghold of that strange Javanese tribe, which has remained true to its old religion, half heathen, half Brahman. At the fall of Madjapahit, the men of this tribe fled to these then almost inaccessible mountains, and here they have lived ever since, a people apart, marrying only amongst themselves, worshipping Shiva, and greatly addicted to animistic practices. In number they are about

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five or six thousand, and own about fifty villages scattered about on the Tengger slopes. They are shorter, stronger, and of a darker colour than the people of the plains, of an industrious disposition and well skilled in the tillage of the land, they make the utmost use of every available spot for their sowing and planting, even of places so precipitous that it seems incredible that anything less agile than a monkey could have gained a footing on them. Goats with little tinkling bells are found wandering about near their kampongs, generally in charge of a small boy, who tethers them where the grass is greenest and most juicy, changing their pasture as often as he thinks fit. Their houses are square or oblong in shape, and built of bamboo, with thatched roofs. Formerly they were made of wood, when that commodity was more plentiful than it is at present; they have no windows but each has a door that faces the Bromo Crater, which they worship. They believe that within it a demon or evil spirit dwells, who must at all costs be propitiated by offerings, now, only of fruit or grain and occasionally a fowl; but in days gone by human sacrifices were offered. Every year in the month of May a grand sacrificial feast is held, and the people

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come in thousands from far and near, camping out on the sea of sand that surrounds the volcano. Then at the appointed time they ascend the mountain by a specially made staircase, which is renewed each year, and having gained the summit they cast their oblations into the demon's home, or, in other words, into the crater's mouth. Leaving the river behind, we made our way along a road which sloped gently upwards, passing fields of potatoes, onions, carrots, and other European vegetables. There were no rice fields; the Tenggerese say that the cultivation of rice is forbidden by their religion, which shows how astute their ancient priests were in making a virtue of necessity, as rice will not grow so high up on the mountains. Low hedges of thorn sometimes bordered our path, and at their foot grew the familiar dandelion and nettle, as well as wild violets, forget-me-nots and sorrel. The Alpine edelweiss and rhododendron are also found in these regions, but we did not happen to see any; at this altitude most of the plants and flowers of the temperate zone grow freely. Here and there we noticed tall tjemara or pine trees, but the natives in their zeal for the cultivation of the ground, have cleared nearly all the forests, and

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the Government has had to come to the rescue and plant young trees to supply the place of those so ruthlessly cut down. The air was beautifully clear and fresh and I greatly enjoyed the walk. Our road now began to descend a little, and soon we found ourselves on a wide plateau where a fine hotel had been erected. It was surrounded by gardens and lawns, while the slopes immediately below had been turned into market gardens, planted with all kinds of vegetables and some fruit, and from here Sourabaya is supplied with these necessary articles of diet, which are carried down on stout mountain ponies to Pasoeroean, and thence by train to the big towns. It was a charming hotel and most beautifully clean; indeed one is always struck by the extreme cleanliness and order prevailing everywhere in Java. I heard, however, that this does not apply to the inside of the native houses, especially in the Tengger regions, where water is scarce and the climate cool. But the Government evidently takes care that all the approaches to the dwellings are kept free from extraneous matter, and the hotels everywhere are patterns of Dutch cleanliness. The landlord came out to greet us and welcomed us with effusion to Ngadirono. He

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provided us with an excellent lunch, the bread and especially the butter exceeding our expectations, and more than justifying Mrs. B.'s encomiums. After lunch we wandered about the garden and had tea in a delightful arbour. The walls of this sylvan retreat were formed by a thick hedge, something like box, over which roses climbed in profusion; it was open to the sky overhead and furnished with comfortable, rustic seats. There were wooden summerhouses also and a good grass tennis court. We sat here some time and enjoyed the fragrant perfume of the many flowers that filled the air, and then we sauntered down to inspect more closely the vegetable gardens and watch the natives at work. There was a fine view also of the surrounding country. It was then time to return, but we were determined not to leave without some of the excellent butter, and offered to buy some. At first we were refused on the score that there was none to spare, but eventually we secured one pound, for which we had to pay the exorbitant price of four shillings. But it was put up daintily in a beautiful glass jar with a lid, and as it kept quite good and added much to our comfort for more than a week, we did not grudge the money, though it

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certainly seemed a big price to pay. The glass jar is still in my possession as a memento of Ngadirono.

We retraced our steps by the way we had come and got back to Tosari late in the afternoon, very tired, especially with the last climb up from the river, but much delighted with our expedition. The dinner that night seemed worse than ever when contrasted with our appetizing lunch; the soup was greasy and the meat tough and not well cooked. It is a great pity that mutton as an article of food is tabooed in Java. The Dutch there consider the poor sheep when turned into mutton an unclean thing, and pronounce it "horrid," "dirty," and unfit to be eaten; so that the staple dishes are beef, veal and pork. It is curious there should be this prejudice against such an inoffensive animal, whose food is nice, clean grass, but in Java these animals were unknown till the European settlers introduced them, and there is no word for sheep in the Javanese language. It is called by the natives a "Dutch goat." The ruling nation has adopted many of the Javanese customs, and possibly this may be its reason for ignoring the sheep and lamb. We supplemented the hotel meal with



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bread (which was quite good) and some of our newly acquired butter; these, in addition to tea made by means of our spirit lamp, served to satisfy our hunger. We were fortunately able to get plenty of milk, a supply being brought us each day corked up in a wine or spirit bottle.

I believe the food in the Sanatorium proper is quite good and perfectly satisfactory to Europeans; but in the smaller hotel where we were, which is no doubt a cheaper place for the Dutch resident in Java, anything seems good enough. For the ordinary tourist it is not a bit cheaper.

We had to start betimes next morning for the Bromo, as it was advisable to make the excursion before the great heat of the day. My sister-in-law had heard such accounts of the appalling difficulties of the expedition that she decided not to accompany my brother and me. We were very sorry for this afterwards, as it was by no means as fatiguing as we had been led to suppose.

Soon after 3 a.m. we were called, and tea with bread and butter brought to us, and we set forth a little before four o'clock; my brother and I in sedan chairs and the guide on horseback. It was most weird and uncanny starting off at that early hour from the quiet hotel, full of sleeping

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folk, in the pale light of the waning moon, borne on the shoulders of dusky natives, whose bare feet made scarcely any sound as we passed down the steps and turned to the left for the long climb to the Bromo. But this strange and unaccustomed setting could not prevent my feeling the intense cold, which was as severe as among the glaciers of Switzerland. The moonlight was stronger when we emerged from the shadows of the hotel and the peaks of the neighbouring mountains, catching the rays, stood out white and clear against the sky; but along the road we traversed, and in our progress through the Javanese kampongs, or villages, the dim light only served to make everything look ghastly and mysterious. Continually ascending we were carried along narrow roads, sometimes mere paths, broadening out somewhat as we reached a village. In these latter the inhabitants were, for the most part, wrapped in slumber, but in two or three I saw a man in a sort of shed warming himself at a fire of wood or charcoal, and presumed he was either a watchman or someone preparing for an early day's work. I longed to share the warmth of his fire, as by this time, in spite of rugs and shawls, I was numb with cold. The moon had now set

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and darkness reigned supreme, but our bearers experienced no difficulty in finding their way and stepped out briskly. Soon a faint flush appeared in the sky, herald of the approaching dawn; little, white clouds tipped with crimson floated up, a warmer atmosphere seemed to enfold us; the distant mountains took on rainbow hues and appeared as if floating in a sea of gold; finally, "the sun in all his state illumed the Eastern skies" and poured his rays with grateful warmth on my shivering frame. Never was sunrise more welcome! A sudden turn in the road brought a wonderful sight to our view. Our bearers stopped and called out "Smeröe! Smeröe!" and pointed out the great volcanic mountain, the highest in Java, 12,300 feet high, where it stood directly in front of us, but far away, with all the glory of the sunrise upon it. The crest of the mountain glittered in the sun and every few minutes a great cloud of white smoke issued from it, to be in its turn transmuted into gold. We sat entranced at the marvellous vision, and our bearers seemed to enjoy our admiration, for their faces beamed. But we could not stay very long, and once more we were lifted and carried onward through fields and plantations, past groves of

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tjemara trees, along most precipitous paths, so that I was lost in wonder at the agility and sure-footedness of our bearers. At last, about three hours after we had left Tosari, we came to the entrance of the Moengal Pass. Here the road divides, one path leading down into the pass, the other ascending sharply to a small plateau where the Government has provided a hut for shelter. Here you partake of the refreshment brought with you, as nothing can be obtained in the hut or shed. We had been warned and had brought tea in our Thermos flasks, together with bread and butter and hard boiled eggs provided by the hotel. The hot tea was most comforting, and the long ride had made us hungry enough to enjoy the simple fare. I might say here, that we found the Thermos flasks invaluable during our wanderings, not only for keeping liquid hot, but also for preserving its coldness. When our repast was finished the guide took us to the edge of the precipice at the side of the hut and there we saw spread before us a most superb and unique panorama. Would that I could find words to describe it in such a manner as to give those who have not seen it even a faint idea of its grandeur ! From the slight eminence on which we stood we

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looked far down below to a great expanse or sea of sand, the celebrated Zandsee. In colour it was a yellowish grey, as smooth as a looking glass, and apparently stretching for miles. Enclosing it as far as one could see was a steep, rugged wall of rocks and earth covered with grass and foliage. Rising out of the sandy waste were three mountains; the Batok, looking like a monster plum pudding just turned out of a colossal mould by some giant hand, for its sides were all radiating curves where the lava had run down, and the top was slightly flattened. Behind it we could just perceive a dark, cavernous opening from which smoke proceeded, and that was all that could be seen of the Bromo's crater from where we stood. More to the right was the third mountain, in shape like a cone, with the same indented sides as the Batok; this was the Widodaren. Beyond these mountains the south wall enclosing the sandy expanse was visible, it is called the Ider Ider, and reaches its highest point near a dyke called the Tjemara-Lawang, which means the "gate of spirits." We were standing on the northern boundary known as the Moengal. Away in the distance in a southerly direction we could just catch a glimpse of the majestic

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Smeröe, continually emitting a cloud of steam, but nothing like the view we had of it as we came. This enormous expanse of sand is the crater floor of a huge volcano, the Tengger. The dyke which breaks the continuity of its outer wall must have been the result of an eruption which split up the mountain, allowing the mud and lava to run through the gap into the valley below, and to this opening the natives have given the poetical name, "gate of spirits." When the eruption decreased in violence in this vast crater, four new and smaller ones were formed, producing four mountains which rose up one after another from the sandy floor. Three I have mentioned above, the fourth, the Giri, lay hidden behind the Widodaren. The silence was profound, undisturbed by note of bird or even the rustle of the wind in the trees; it seemed almost incredible that a little way below the surface of the earth on which we stood, stupendous cauldrons of fire were eternally seething and bubbling, and that the death-like stillness might at any moment without warning be broken by a thunderous roar as a prelude to the boiling over of one of these reservoirs and the consequent flowing forth of a stream of fiery lava. We would fain have lingered, but our guide was



BATOK MOUNTAIN





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getting impatient, as we had still some distance to go. With reluctance we turned away and prepared to descend the Moengal Pass. At the top of this precipitous path are small holes or caves dug out by the natives, and here the Tenggerese invariably offer sacrifices to the Dewas or spirits, whom, they believe, have their dwelling place in this desolate region and who require to be propitiated before allowing human beings to set foot in their domain. These caves or openings are on both sides of the path. We had left our palanquins at the foot of the ascent to the hut, as it was too dangerous to use them on this narrow, zigzag track. Wonderful views greeted us at each turn of our winding way, but the task of keeping our feet and avoiding slipping on the rough stones was too absorbing to allow us to enjoy them properly, and we were thankful when we had reached the bottom and could walk on the firm, unyielding sand. Here, to our surprise, our bearers met us with the sedan chairs; as we had expected to cross the intervening space between the pass and the Bromo, on foot. But we were most thankful to take advantage of them and be spared the long, hot walk, as here in the shelter of the crater we missed the breeze

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that had been so refreshing on the heights above, and though it was so early in the day the hot rays of the sun seemed to beat directly on our heads. That was a wonderful journey over the sandy desert, which in one place blossomed into pretty, yellow flowers not unlike buttercups, covering quite a considerable extent of ground. We met one or two natives on ponies, and three or four on foot; but except for these we had the whole Zandsee to ourselves, and found it most impressive. We had to go right round the Batok, which did not lose its plum pudding-like aspect even when viewed more closely. Leaving it behind, we soon traversed the intervening space and arrived at the Bromo, a huge mountain of congealed lava, its slopes all seamed and notched like the edge of a saw. It was surrounded by hillocks of sand, hardened by the sun. When we reached these we stepped out of our palanquins and walked the rest of the way. Up these large hummocks of sand the ascent was comparatively easy, but when we reached the foot of the Bromo itself we had to climb up the side through soft, yielding sand and earth, in which one sank almost to the knees. The flight of wooden stairs was in process of erection for the May Festival in

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honour of the Tenggerese's chief god, Dewan Soelan Iloe. I looked with covetous eyes at such a nice, easy way of getting up, but the natives said the stairway was unfinished, the cement not dry, and they would not permit its sacred steps to be profaned by the feet of a foreigner. The usual method of getting to the top, is for two natives to haul you up by bands or scarves passed round your arms above the elbows, while a third pushes you from behind. My brother adopted this plan, but the natives were such fierce-looking bandits, and had evidently not used Pears or any other soap for so long, that I could not bear them to touch me, and declined their assistance. A wooden railing ran along one side of the tabooed flight of steps; grasping this I managed with considerable difficulty to pull myself up, and panting and breathless I gained the summit almost as soon as my brother. I do not think the natives liked my even touching the fringe of their sacred staircase in this manner, but they offered no objection. The Bromo was not in a state of eruption just then, or we could not have made the ascent. When it does erupt, it suddenly pours forth volumes of black smoke accompanied by a roaring noise like thunder that resounds

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through the Zandsee; it also plays mad pranks with stones and lumps of lava, ejecting them from its mouth with such force that they are hurled to a considerable distance; then it ceases as suddenly as it began and only white smoke steals forth silently. The latter was all we could see, as we gazed into its dark depths; though at intervals we heard a deep, rumbling sound far down in the interior, and once I saw a lurid flame that "gave no light" but rather "made darkness visible." Around the mouth of the crater were great lumps of lava and stones with sparkling crystals in them thrown up in the last eruption. It was an impressive and awe-inspiring sight to see the hidden forces of nature thus revealed, and for me a unique experience.

The view from the edge of the crater was most extensive and wonderfully fine, as each rock and hill stood out clear cut against the blue sky; but later in the day, even in the early afternoon, a mist closes down on everything, therefore it is essential to take the early morning for a visit to the Bromo.

Going down was worse than coming up, but was accomplished in less time. The friendly rail once more lent me assistance and I hope the



STAIRCASE UP THE BROMO

INTERIOR OF THE BROMO



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Tenggerese had not to offer a special sacrifice or perform any cleansing rite in consequence.

Once more we entered our palanquins and were borne swiftly back to the Moengal Pass. The bearers would have taken me up it, but I insisted on getting out and walking, partly because I had more faith in my own two feet than in their eight on such a stony path, which was more like the bed of a mountain torrent than anything else, and partly because I wanted to enjoy the wonderful peeps, each different, you get of the Zandsee, as the path twists or turns. Walking up was not such anxious work as going down, so that one was able to enjoy the magnificent prospect. My bearers could scarcely believe that I intended to walk when I could ride or be carried, and every now and then as I came up with, or passed them, they would put down the palanquin and make signs for me to get into it. But I shook my head and continued my way, well rewarded by all I saw. At the top I stood and gave a last long look at the marvellous panorama, the like of which I never expect to see again no matter where I may travel, and then I got into the chair and was bumped and shaken all the way back, my bamboo conveyance swaying from side to side

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as its bearers plunged down the steep descent to the hotel. There is not much joy in a sedan chair when going downhill, it seems possessed by a demon. We got back before one o'clock, in plenty of time for lunch, the expedition having taken between eight and nine hours. It is not often one puts in an eight hours' day before one o'clock p.m. We were glad of a rest in the afternoon, but after tea we walked down to inspect the Sanatorium, and survey the little pavilions and gardens to see what we had missed. It looked quite luxurious as compared with our rustic hostelry on the heights above. When we got back we again sat out on the balcony beyond the dining room and enjoyed the sight of a most gorgeous sunset.

The five peaks of Ardjoena shone like gold in a setting of crimson, and the crests of Kawi appeared to rise out of a purple sea of many shades; there was quick transition from blazing splendour to softer rainbow colours, these in turn melting into crimson, then into changing purples, which deepened in hue, until sudden and complete darkness descended, as if a monster extinguisher had been manipulated by a Titan hand.

Next morning we were supposed to leave at



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seven o'clock for Sourabaya; we therefore got up before six, had everything packed and were quite ready, but there was no sign of our guide and no appearance of breakfast. We tried to enquire, and managed to ascertain that our guide was making his toilet and must not be disturbed, and that breakfast was ready for us in the dining room. We finished our repast and came back into the courtyard to find the palanquins and bearers in readiness, the horses laden with the luggage, and one riderless steed standing by, but still no guide. When our patience was almost exhausted he appeared, evidently finishing a hasty breakfast and exceedingly cross. My brother was much annoyed, and determined to try and find another guide who would be more useful, and have more consideration for our linguistic deficiencies, and not leave us in the lurch as he had done that morning. The going back was most delightful, in spite of the palanquins; the forests through which we wended our way were regions of enchantment; in them we saw the jolliest little brown monkeys bounding from tree to tree, chattering and grinning at us as though they resented our intrusion into their sylvan home. At Poespo we exchanged our palanquins for carriages, occupying

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them in the same order as before. Our drive up had been rapid, but our drive down was a wild stampede. John Gilpin was a slowcoach in comparison! We tore along at such a breakneck pace that once we almost collided with another carriage in front, and once we were nearly run down by a motor car in which was seated the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz on his way to Tosari. We clung like limpets to the sides of our vehicle, quite expecting to find ourselves lying in the road each time our driver dashed round a corner. He had a whistle in his mouth, and kept whistling the whole time to warn all and sundry to get out of his way. But though rash and foolhardy, he was a skilful driver, and managed to avoid any catastrophe and landed us safe and sound at Pasoeroen railway station, where we thankfully took train for Sourabaya.

## CHAPTER VIII

### RETURN TO SOURABAYA—THE GOVERNMENT OF JAVA THE “ CULTURE SYSTEM ”

WE got back to the Goebeng Station at Sourabaya about 3 o'clock p.m. and took a “ kosong ” (four wheeled carriage) to the hotel, where we deposited our luggage, and drove on to the office of Messrs. Burns Philp and Co. to try and change our guide. We should have liked the one who had met us on the Mataram and brought us ashore, but we were just too late to secure him, for he had been engaged an hour earlier by some fellow passengers. However, through him we got a very nice young fellow, a Syrian, who knew the country well, though he had never acted as guide before; he also spoke English much better than our Dutch guide, and of course knew Dutch and Malay well.

The English friend of our fellow passenger (Mrs. H.) to whom we had been introduced at the railway station on our way to Tosari, came to dinner that evening and offered to go shopping

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with us next day, as we were anxious to see some of the native brass work for which Sourabaya is famous; he also very kindly invited us to tea at his house.

From one of the Javanese peddlers who came round to the verandah where we were sitting before dinner, we had already bought some of the little brass boxes, which are used for keeping the betel leaf which all natives chew. These peddlers bring all sorts of wares to the hotels and display them to the tourists in the hope that they may buy. Some very fine specimens of batik cloth for sarongs were shown us in this way, but we had been told that Djokjakarta, which is one of the homes of the batik industry, was the place in which to buy it, so we refused to be tempted. It was terribly hot in Sourabaya, and we felt it all the more coming from the cool air of Tosari. The mosquitoes also were very troublesome, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in attacking the unhappy tourist. Little green lizards ran over the walls of the bedrooms in great numbers; the place seemed full of them. They are pretty looking little things, but I did not want them any more than I wanted the mosquitoes for bedfellows, so I used to cautiously open the mosquito curtains just

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wide enough for me to make a dive between them on to the bed, drawing them quickly together again and carefully tucking them in. By this means I eluded both enemies in the night time. It was well that the beds were so big, and that there was no danger of my landing on the floor at the other side, which might easily have happened with an ordinary narrow bed. Next morning our new guide appeared before 10 a.m., and we were very pleased with him. As Mr. W. (our English friend) could not call for us until 12 o'clock, we went out to do some shopping with the guide for an hour or so, and saw some very fascinating things. I was able to get in miniature a little bedstead exactly like the one in my room, and several other little curios. Then we visited a large grocery shop and laid in a store of biscuits, tea, cocoa, etc., but we never again needed them as much as we had done at Tosari, as the food in the other places was not at all bad, and in the big towns very good, but the biscuits were always welcome at early morning and afternoon tea. We finished up with ices at the Grimm Restaurant, a delightful café, quite as good as any in Paris. We then retraced our steps to the hotel, and punctually at noon Mr. W. appeared with his own carriage to

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take us about. We had a most interesting drive with him, and went to several of the shops where brass work was displayed. Some of the old work of this kind is exceedingly beautiful; the engraving, embossing and pierced work in many of the specimens shown us, were executed with great artistic skill. But everything of this sort was very expensive, so we had to content ourselves with modern handiwork. I got a very nice brass receptacle for betel nut and its accessories, shaped like a vase and engraved all over; the upper part lifted off like a lid, and the bowl part below contained all the little brass boxes for betel leaf, areca nut, lime, and whatever else is used; when these are taken out, the bowl can be used for flowers or anything one likes. Betel chewing is the universal practice among the natives, not only in Java, but in most countries of the East. It is the leaf of a climbing plant, not unlike an ivy leaf, but it contains a quantity of narcotic juice, which is mixed with lime and areca nut. The Javanese are always chewing this compound, and invariably carry it about with them, but it blackens their teeth dreadfully and makes the lips unnaturally red. After making our brass purchases we went to a photographer to get some photographs of the

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places we had seen, and then to the hotel. In the afternoon Mr. W. sent his carriage to bring us to his house, a most charming, almost palatial residence in the old Dutch style. His wife (a Dutch lady) was away from home, but he did the honours most kindly and hospitably, and we were very much pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the interior of a Dutch-Javanese private house, which otherwise would have been impossible. It was a beautiful place, with a verandah about twenty feet wide on the front and a similar one at the back, both having tiled floors. The front one is where visitors are received, and there we had tea; the back verandah is the family gathering place, and I believe most of the meals are served there. A long passage with panelled walls runs through the middle of the house connecting the two. On either side of this corridor are high doors of polished wood leading into lofty and spacious apartments. The drawing room was very large, with a parquet floor, and had beautiful old Dutch furniture and lovely china, as well as Javanese curios. The floor was like glass, and quite as slippery. The library was a very fine room also, with an old Dutch bureau and book-cases, and on a table in one corner was a very

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fine model of a Javanese kampong or village. A rather bare appearance is given to the rooms by the absence of heavy curtains and all upholstery, but it makes them look and feel cool. And "How to keep cool" is the ruling idea among Europeans in Java, and every house and place is arranged to that end.

Mr. W. took us into his garden, which we entered from the back verandah; it was full of the most beautiful flowers, many of them in pots or large china vases. Except in the higher altitudes, nearly all gardens have these pots instead of flower beds; I suppose it is to protect them from the ravages of insects which are a fearful pest in tropical climates. There were many rare and strange looking orchids growing in all sorts of unexpected places, and a profusion of the most exquisite roses, not in pots, but trained over arches and trellis work. Quantities also of tropical plants and flowers of varied hues were grouped together so that the garden blazed with colour, and to see it was a great treat. On either side of the garden, but some distance away, were the stables and wooden houses for the servants, as the natives never live in the house with their European masters and their families.



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We said goodbye to Mr. W., and thanked him most heartily for all his kindness to us, and returned to the hotel. We found there was time for a drive before dinner, so hiring a carriage we drove towards the Kali Mas (Kali is the Javanese for river), crossing the Redbridge that connects the European and Chinese quarters. The river itself presented a most animated appearance, with sampans and canoes darting about among the heavily laden barges with their queer roof-like coverings. We followed the course of the river for some distance, driving along a beautiful avenue of trees with the river on one side and on the other handsome villas and pretty gardens belonging to the Dutch residents. It was nearly dark by this time, and in some of the houses the family were gathered on the front verandah, which was brilliantly lighted up. The Dutch do not seem to mind publicity, and eat, drink, rest, and amuse themselves in full view of the passers by. I was told that the front verandah lighted up is a sign that the members of the family are at home to visitors; should they desire privacy they retire to the back verandah and leave the front in darkness. They all seemed to be "at home" that evening. On our way back we met many carriages in which

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were ladies most elaborately dressed, but wearing neither hat nor bonnet. Milliners in Java are not in request.

Sourabaya is a very fine city, and in former times was the capital of the Dutch East Indies, before Batavia was given that title; and even now it may be considered the commercial capital, as it is wholly given over to business. It is situated at the mouth of the Kali Mas, which has been called the river of gold on account of the yellow colour of its water. It possesses a dockyard and gun foundry, and is the headquarters of the Military Command of East Java. Nearly every race and language is represented among its inhabitants, but by far the most numerous are the Chinese, who number about twice as many as the Europeans. These Celestials are very wealthy and important, live in beautiful and artistic houses in the best style, dress magnificently on state occasions, and drive about in well-appointed carriages. I believe they are not allowed to have European servants or employees, but they seem to manage quite well with the services of the Javanese or Malays.

Sourabaya is about the hottest place in Java, for the island of Madura, just opposite to it, pre-

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vents the cooling breezes from reaching the town, hence malaria and cholera are always present. Water too, for drinking purposes, is bad and scarce; the good water supplied in the hotels is brought all the way from Pasoeroean and reserved for Europeans.

The Indo-Javanese Empire of Madjapahit, which once ruled over the whole of Java, came into existence quite near Sourabaya. It was at the fall of this empire in the sixteenth century that the Tenggerese tribe fled to the hills and forests round Tosari. Sourabaya boasts some fine public buildings, has two or three Clubs, a Concert Hall, a Theatre, excellent hotels and capital shops. It has military communication with all parts of Java, and intercourse with the outer world by ships and steamers. In fact, it has everything except a healthy climate.

Before continuing the account of our travels or relating our experiences in Mid Java, whither we went after leaving Sourabaya, it might be as well to say something of the government of Java by the Dutch, and give a brief account of the much abused "culture system." Those who do not care for such details can skip them, but they will probably interest some readers.

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Java is governed by a joint administration, Dutch and native; for this purpose it is divided into seventeen Residencies (formerly there were twenty-two), each controlled by a native prince called a Regent, and by a Dutchman who has the title of Resident. Supreme over the whole island, however, is the Governor General of the Dutch East Indies, who holds his appointment direct from the Crown, and is practically absolute within his own Dominion. He is at the head of the Army and Navy, and has full discretionary powers in dealing with the native princes. Under him is a Council of five, consisting of a vice-president and four members; these he is obliged to consult, but he is in no way bound to take their advice. He has also ministers at the head of various departments, such as Finance, Justice, Public Works, etc., who keep him *au courant* with every matter concerning their respective divisions or sections. The Governor-General receives a salary of £14,000 a year, which is further supplemented by various allowances for special objects. Two palaces are set apart for his use, one at Buitenzorg, in the grounds of the beautiful Botanic Gardens, and another at Weltevreden (Batavia). In addition, he has a beautiful

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country residence at Tjipanas, among the mountains. In each of the Residencies the Javanese Prince reigns supreme in the natives' eyes, and enjoys all the pomp and ceremony of a native court, sits under the golden umbrella (or pajong) on state occasions, and exacts homage of his *entourage*. But behind him is the real ruler, the Resident, who acts the part of "guide, philosopher and friend," and without whose permission he may not drive outside his own courtyard. This "elder brother" is content that the Regent should have the honour and glory, while he possesses all the power. In case of any difference of opinion the advice given by the Resident is compulsory on the Regent, the latter enjoys the "pomp and circumstance" of kingship only; he is ever made to feel the "iron hand within the velvet glove." The Resident has under him an Assistant-Resident and also officers called controllers, all Europeans, who act as he directs. The Regents or Native Princes receive a liberal allowance, from £2,000 to £3,000 a year, so that they may keep up their courts in true oriental magnificence, but they no longer have any control over the revenues derived from the land owned by their ancestors; these belong to the Govern-

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ment. Two of the Residencies enjoy a greater nominal independence than the others, inasmuch as one is ruled by a Sultan and the other by a Susuhunan, instead of a Regent. Both Principalities, as these two are called, are in Mid Java, one Surakarta or Solo, as the Javanese designate it, is ruled by the Susuhunan, a title which means "His Holiness," as he is supposed to wield spiritual as well as temporal power; the second is Djokjakarta, which is quite near Solo, and its ruler bears the title of Sultan. These two, in spite of their high-sounding appellations, have no more real power than the Regents, but they have a much larger salary (the Susuhunan has about £70,000 a year), and keep up much greater state and pageantry in their courts. The official language is Malay; Javanese is too difficult and complex for that purpose, and lacks the adaptability of the Malay tongue, which is spoken and understood throughout the East.

The High Court of Justice is at Batavia, but there are lower courts in the five principal towns. The army is purely colonial and not connected with that in the Mother Country; the regiments have about two-thirds native to one-third Dutch soldiers, but all the officers are European. The

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revenue is derived from various sources, forests, mines, salt, opium and railways, the last three being government monopolies. All help to fill the Dutch coffers, but the most important contribution to the Budget is obtained from the sale of *coffee*, which is the only produce now grown under the much abused "culture system," though in former years, sugar, indigo, tea, quinine, tobacco, pepper, cinnamon and various spices were all cultivated by this drastic method.

This system was conceived by the wily brain of General Van den Bosch. Before his time Marshall Doendals had ruled with an iron hand from 1808 to 1811, crushing all resistance of the native princes to the power of the Dutch Government by most drastic methods, making them to understand that they held their semi-sovereignty only at his will and pleasure. Like the Romans, he considered good roads essential to the well-being of a country, and set about making one in Java running the whole length of the land from Anjer Point in the West to Bunjuwangi in the East. He compelled each kampong (village) *en route* to construct a certain portion of the road within a definite time, and if it had not been completed at the date fixed, the chiefs of the defaulting village,

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who were held responsible, suffered death by hanging. By these means, the road, which extends for 800 miles, was finished within two years, and a splendid one it is, but it took a heavy toll in the lives of the natives. Then Dœndals turned his attention to the land, and by means of "forced crops" compelled the natives to cultivate something more than their beloved rice. Each family had to plant and tend one thousand coffee trees and make a present of two-fifths of the produce to the Government; the three-fifths that remained they were compelled to sell to the Crown at a ridiculously low price so that a large profit was obtained. In 1811 the Dutch were superseded by the English, and for four years Java was under the wise, skilful, and humane government of Sir Stamford Raffles, who effected many reforms, restored the confidence of the native princes, abolished the forced delivery of crops, and allowed the natives to return to the cultivation of rice. In 1815, after Napoleon's fall, Raffles was withdrawn, and in 1818, by the decision of the Congress of Vienna, Java again became Dutch. For some time Raffles' example was followed by those in authority, and they governed wisely and well according to his methods. But in 1833 the island



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was in debt, free labour did not prove as lucrative as forced, and Holland accepted the offer of General Van den Bosch to try and bring about a better state of affairs. He was allowed to adopt any methods he pleased to achieve his object, and so conceived the idea of, and instituted, the " Culture System," with which his name is invariably associated in both praise and blame. When, as a result of his system, wealth poured into Holland, the first was lavishly awarded, but later, when it was realised by what oppression and cruelty this tribute had been exacted, when the non-cultivation of rice (so that the ' rich ' crops might be grown) resulted in a famine, and the death of half a million of natives from hunger, the most opprobrious epithet was not too strong to be applied to him. So short-lived is the gratitude of a government or a people!

The culture system of Van den Bosch consisted in compelling the natives to give up one-fifth of their land; on this impounded portion they had to cultivate certain crops specified by the government, and give the labour of one day in seven for this object. In return they were promised that the land tax hitherto paid by them should be repealed. At first only the sugar cane was planted,

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but such enormous profits resulted from the sale in Europe of the sugar thus obtained, that the system was extended to the other crops, and by degrees tea (the seeds of which had been brought from Japan and China), coffee, indigo, quinine, tobacco, pepper, and various spices were all cultivated in the same manner, and thereby great wealth accrued to Holland. The system pressed heavily on the natives; the land tax continued to be enforced, even for those lands they were compelled to give up; by degrees more than one-fifth of these were claimed, and they had still to pay for what was no longer theirs. The contractors who managed this "sweating" business ground down the natives more and more, and became increasingly tyrannical and cruel to secure larger profits for themselves, until at length the poor people were only permitted to grow their rice on land so far from the villages that they had no time to devote to its cultivation, and found (to their cost) that the more money they made for their masters the poorer they became themselves.

But Holland began to wake up to the iniquity of these proceedings in her colony. A novel entitled "Max Havelaar" (by Edouard Douwes Dekker Multatuli) dealing with the subject and

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exposing its tyranny made a great stir in Holland. It was a novel with a purpose, and never had one better results; by degrees public opinion was aroused; the famine among the Javanese in 1849 completed the good work that "Max Havelaar" had begun, and free labour was installed in Java instead of forced culture. At the present time only coffee is produced by the old method, and a period for this has been fixed after which it, too, will be free.

In spite of so much blame being attached to the system originated by Van den Bosch, there is no doubt it brought a blessing in disguise. This was not due to any merit in its originator, whose only idea was to make money, without a thought or care for the welfare of the Javanese; nor in the system itself, which was wholly bad, but to the effect on the vegetation throughout the island. The easy-going, apathetic Javanese would never have cultivated the ground in the same way of their own accord; to grow sufficient rice to meet their daily needs was all their aim, and none of those crops which serve to make Java such a source of wealth would have been introduced or grown, as few of them are indigenous. Compulsory sowing and planting has made Java what it is, i.e., a

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veritable “ Garden of Eden,” with the most luxurious vegetation of any island in the world; so out of evil has come good.

## CHAPTER IX

### DJOKJAKARTA—THE WATER CASTLE—BATIK INDUSTRY

WE had intended visiting Soerakarta (or Solo as the Javanese call it), where the Susuhunan wields his nominal sovereignty in the Vorstenlanden or "Lands of the Princes," but we heard that one of the sons of his Highness had died, and that the whole city would be in mourning, and our sight seeing most likely restricted in consequence. We decided, therefore, to go on to Djokjakarta, some distance further; this is the second native state of Middle Java, and the city is considered even more Javanese than Solo. Both towns are in the very heart of Java, and the Susuhunan in the one, and the Sultan in the other, are the successors of the Emperors or Sultans of the ancient kingdom of Mataram. Round these two Principalities are gathered all the romance and mystery, legends and stories of the Java of a bygone age, and so conservative are the dwellers of the East,

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that the manners and customs of the natives to-day are, with a few exceptions, similar to those of the Javanese who inhabited the country when the magnificent Hindu temples (still stately and awe-inspiring in their ruined condition) were crowded with eager worshippers, while priests made offerings at the shrine of Buddha. Djokjakarta is also a place of interest historically, as here Marshal Deendals made one of his military expeditions; and later Sir Stamford Raffles quelled insurrections and established European supremacy in Djokja with an armed force.

As usual we had an early start, our train being timed to leave at 6 a.m., which meant getting up before five. Tea and toast were brought round to our rooms at 5 o'clock, and soon after we left in a carriage for the station. The new guide was a great success, looked after our luggage, got us a nice compartment, and was most attentive. He was born in Jaffa, and though only eighteen years of age, had already travelled in India and America, as well as over most of Java; so he was quite experienced and extremely intelligent; we were indeed lucky to get him! There was the ordinary bustle and confusion at Goebeng station, which always seemed crowded with natives, who

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were most interesting to observe. Our carriage in the train was slightly different from the one in which we went to Tosari; one side being fitted with two armchairs *vis a vis*, and the other having one long seat with divisions; fortunately we had the whole compartment to ourselves. The journey from Sourabaya to Djokjakarta takes about eight hours, and is a most interesting one. Soon after leaving the station the peaks of the lofty Ardjoeno Mountain, that we had seen from Tosari, were visible. Then came an extensive plain with sugar plantations, their feathery flowers swaying and bending in the breeze; these were succeeded by sawahs or wet rice fields, veritable swamps almost covered with water; in some places these are quite flat, and in others raised to form terraces, so that a stream of water directed to the top terrace or platform flows down on to and over the lower levels; a most ingenious and labour-saving arrangement. Here one is able to observe the different stages of rice cultivation proceeding side by side; muddy patches with the fresh seed just sown; watery patches, to which the tender shoots have been transplanted; and fields of growing rice where the young shoots are of a most vivid light green colour. Further on were tracts where

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drainage had begun in order that the grain might ripen fully in drier ground. When the grain is perfectly ripe it is laboriously reaped by hand, each ear being cut off separately by means of a little curved knife. All the work done in the paddy fields is done with bent back under a scorching sun, but the natives do not seem to think it any hardship. In the middle of most of the plantations where the grain was ripening, elevated sheds of plaited bamboo were erected, and in each of these was a small boy whose duty it was to scare away the birds, either by shouting, or by making a network of cords stretched over the field quiver and vibrate. Birds are very fond of rice in the ear. When the harvest is gathered it is tied up in little bundles and at once dried in the sun, then the grain is separated from the straw in a primitive manner, by pounding it, and taken to native mills to be ground. The Javanese persistently refuse to employ any modern method of reaping the rice, clinging to the ancient custom of cutting off each ear separately; and the Dutch allow them to keep to the old way, which has the advantage of giving plenty of occupation to the teeming population.

The sugarcane is cultivated in almost as swampy ground as the rice, but the soil must be enriched



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by a certain kind of manure or oil cake, before the canes are planted, and from ten to eighteen months' growth brings them to maturity. When the cane is ripe, sugar-making must be at once commenced and carried on to the finish, or much sap may be lost and the quality of the sugar suffer. Between the sugar and rice plantations we passed from time to time through groves of magnificent palm trees, the cocoanut palms laden with fruit; beside them grew graceful bamboos and innumerable banana trees, the latter weighed down by heavy clusters of green bananas. These groves usually indicated the proximity of a kampong, and sometimes we could see the bamboo arch forming the entrance to the village and could catch a glimpse of the little thatched houses nestling among the trees. We crossed bridges over rivers and skirted the banks of canals that intersected the land in all directions. Once the train passed through the outskirts of an immense forest, and one could easily imagine leopards and tigers and the fierce one-horned rhinoceros lurking in its gloomy depths; the vegetation was most exuberant; amid the tall trunks of the palms and teak trees great tree ferns spread themselves out, and the rattans and other creepers stretched from

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branch to branch, forming a network of greenery and making a delightful shade, which we were quite in the mood to appreciate, as the sun was beginning to make himself felt and the carriage was very hot. Thanks to starting so early we had enjoyed several hours of comparative coolness, and at nine o'clock had partaken of a *petit déjeuner* in the form of sandwiches, biscuits and tea from our Thermos flask. This by no means spoiled our appetite for quite a nice luncheon at one o'clock in the restaurant car attached to the train. We steamed into Djokjakarta Station about 2.30 p.m. and drove to the Toogoe Hotel, which had been recommended to us. We found it most comfortable, and were allotted large airy rooms, opening on to a broad verandah, with the usual table and chairs, and overhanging lamp outside each door. A long, narrow court, planted in grass, divided the bedrooms from the dining room, to which we ascended by wooden steps. The dining room was not unlike a square verandah, as it consisted of a roof supported by pillars and open at the sides, which made it delightfully cool. We unpacked, had a short rest, partook of tea brought us on small trays to our portions of the verandah, and then set forth to see the sights of Djokja-

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karta. The hotel supplied us with a carriage, and a coachman with a huge and very smart hat, in size resembling that of "The Merry Widow." Outside the hotel gates we could at once realise we were in a native city, as on all sides were faces of varying shades of brown, and not a white one was to be seen. The Passer or Market was quite near, and was evidently a permanent one, as the wooden stalls were roofed with red tiles for the convenience of the vendors who sat in them displaying all sorts of fruits, vegetables, clothing, and many other wares. In the small towns the *passer* is a kind of gypsy affair, and leafy booths and palm leaf umbrellas are considered sufficient to form a stall or stand. There was no time then to visit the *passer*; that had to come later. We drove through the streets, that were broad avenues of Kanari trees, and they reached as far as eye could see in every direction, and we passed queer looking covered carts drawn by diminutive humped buffaloes, little naked boys driving flocks of geese or ducks or leading goats to pasture, and swarthy men with gaily-coloured turbans, generally crowned by enormous hats made of plaited bamboo or straw, of a brilliant blue or red. These huge hats are quite a feature in Javanese life, and

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serve the triple purpose of hat, sunshade and umbrella. Some of them are quite four feet across; a bright blue seems the favourite colour, though red is also worn; the paint is put on so thickly and smoothly that even the tropical rain runs off it. Some of the coachmen had their hats painted in gold stripes with representations of dragons and other mythical animals between. Only the men wear hats or turbans, the women go about with bare heads, their abundant and elaborately arranged hair being considered sufficient covering. Both men and women allow their hair to grow long, but the men twist it up under their turbans so that it does not show.

A fairly deep stream of water ran along one side of the road, and in this the little Javanese children were splashing and wading without any troublesome clothing to impede their movements or procure them a scolding for getting it wet. We saw none of the *dodok* or crouching and squatting on their heels and sidling along of the natives in the presence of their superiors, that Miss Scidmore speaks of in her book "Java, the Garden of the East," either here or anywhere else in Java; though doubtless it is still practised in the presence

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of the Sultan. Many changes have taken place in Java even since Miss Scidmore published her book in 1897; the Javanese are becoming more independent, and have given up some of the servile customs that date back to a time when their life and liberty were altogether at the mercy of their rulers.

Our destination was the old Taman Sarie or Watercastle, an ancient summer residence of a former Sultan. We entered through a gateway in a high wall surrounding a large tract of ground forming a series of gardens. The wall was broken down in many places and the gaps filled with moss, lichens and luxuriant creepers. In the middle of the enclosure was a large lake, and a veritable fairy castle, crowned by a tower called the Maze, 400ft. high, rose out of the water. In the days of its splendour it must have looked like one of the palaces described in the Arabian Nights that arose at the bidding of the genii; even in its decay it is wonderfully weird and fascinating. Formerly access to it was by boat across the lake, and by a secret underground passage, but the lake is so choked up with weeds and rubbish in some parts, that one can pass into the castle without having recourse to either boat or

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tunnel. A Javanese guide conducted us through winding passages, across wide courtyards, among tanks and ponds the sides of which were green with moss, and the water in them almost hidden by weeds and aquatic plants. Passing under a stone archway elaborately carved, into a small court surrounded by high moss-grown walls, we were told we were now in the bathing place sacred to the Sultan, where he had to perform his ablutions before attending prayers at the Mosque. In the centre of this secluded retreat was a tank of water with the same clear stream bubbling up that had cleansed the august person of his Highness in the days so long ago; two flights of steps, green and slimy, led down into the water, one on either side; by the one he descended into, and by the other he ascended out of the water, so that his face should always be turned towards the shrine of the Prophet. A larger and less secluded bathing place for his courtiers was close by in an even more neglected condition. Following our guide, we wended our way

“Through fane and palace court and labyrinth, mined  
With many a dark and subterranean street  
. . . . . through chambers high and deep.”

until, descending by a moss-covered stone stair-

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case, we entered the Sultan's sleeping chamber, deliciously cool and dim, in appearance like a cave hewn out of rock. The bed place had quaint carvings and decorations all round it, and on the stone couch was a covering of soft green moss, now alas! the lurking place of lizards and countless creeping things. Light fell softly from small openings in the roof, and the soothing sound of running water could be heard. In former times there used to be a contrivance by which a curtain of water could be made to fall over the entrance, thereby rendering more refreshing the cool atmosphere. Truly a delightful if somewhat damp retreat from the scorching heat of a Javanese summer afternoon! From this cave of slumber we were conducted along alleys or corridors with glass walls and "fountain lighted roof" through which "the green splendours of the water deep" in the lake above us could be seen; we were shown where, at the Sultan's will, the underground passage could be flooded up to the water-tight gates that admitted to the subterranean part of the palace, so that access to the castle could only be obtained by boat. There was an immense banqueting hall falling into ruins with remains of wonderful archways and pillars; also a deep

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circular well called the "spring of music" around which were built vault-like chambers where the Sultan's retainers could gather to sleep or rest when the noonday sun was high in the heavens; and, near by, an oval tank full of glorious water lilies almost choked by weeds, with pavilions enclosed by stately decorated walls that must once have been marvellously beautiful, opening out from it. Truly, it was an enchanting place, and in its pristine beauty, before earthquakes had shattered its walls and pillar'd porticos, and the ruthless hand of Time had been allowed "to smear with dust those glittering golden towers," it must have been a veritable Aladdin's palace. Now it made one unutterably sad to see it in the hour of its decay, to

"Look on its broken arch, its ruined walls,  
Its chambers desolate and portals foul,"

so that it was almost with a sensation of relief that we passed forth into the bright sunshine and the wonderful gardens and shrubberies where the roses ran riot, and orchids and other bright hued flowers grew in the wildest profusion, where the wild vine and matted creepers hid the stained and broken walls. These gardens cover an immense extent of ground, and must have been a perfect



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Paradise when properly kept and tended; great stone vases full of flowers that fell round them in wreaths and festoons, were placed at regular intervals, forming avenues terminating in archways and pergolas covered with roses. Beyond these could be seen the native houses in the kampong, shaded by waving palm and bamboo trees. Hundreds of little children were darting about the courts and garden alleys ready to climb walls and gather flowers for Dutch pennies. Quite a big village has grown up round the old Taman Sarie, unless, indeed, it has existed there from the days of the Sultan for whom the castle was built, nearly four hundred years ago, who would have had his *entourage* housed within the walls of his castle enclosure as the present Sultan has his retainers inside his Kraton. But for two hundred years now the castle has been left to the lizards and bats. I could have lingered for hours in the wonderful place, but there was much to be seen elsewhere. Leaving the Taman Sarie, we drove to the Aloon Aloon, a large open square in the middle of the town. The palace or kraton of the Sultan is on one side, the gates guarded by two immense waringin trees cut by order of the Sultan into fantastic shapes resembling huge umbrellas or square

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toadstools. To the left is his Highness's private Zoo, containing three leopards and a tiger in cages, and three huge elephants walking at large. These we duly inspected, and then gazed longingly at the high walls that concealed the Sultan's residence from view, and watched as they passed slowly through the gates a long procession of about fifty native attendants carrying glass flower vases, each of a different pattern, and intended, no doubt, for some special festival. We should have been glad to pay the Sultan a visit; but no one is allowed to enter the Kraton without the special permission of the Dutch Resident, and this must be obtained in the morning, so that his Highness may appoint a time convenient to himself to receive the visitors. We did not reach Djokjakarta till late afternoon, and were to spend the whole of the next day at the Boro Boedor temple, so had no time to pay our respects to the Prince, although we had letters of introduction that would have procured us that honour. The Sultan's Kraton is situated within a wall twelve feet high, and more than four miles in circumference. Inside are buildings, streets, ponds, canals, gardens and kampongs, all for the Sultan's retinue, which numbers 15,000. Some of these natives carry on

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trades and industries, such as gold and silver-smith's work, and the batik cloth colouring process. The Prince owns a magnificent dining hall capable of accommodating six hundred guests; he has a palace for himself, a house for his principal wife, one for the Resident when he honours the Kraton by a visit, a barracks for his native soldiers, stables for his elephants, with many other offices; so that the Kraton is a complete town in itself. He calls the Resident " Papa," and the Resident's wife " Mama," and without the permission of the former cannot go outside the Kraton. Djokjakarta also possesses a Vredenburg or fortress where 500 European soldiers are stationed to keep watch and ward, and guard the Dutch interests in the Principality.

On our way back to the hotel we drove past the entrance to the house of the Dutch Resident, a stately-looking white building in a beautiful garden, with statues of Buddha sitting under stone pajongs (umbrellas), and looking like sentinels on guard. At the hotel we dismissed the carriage and walked across the road to visit what its owner (Mrs. Noronha, a Eurasian lady) designated the " Old Curiosity Store." She had thoughtfully left her card, which informed us she sold batik

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sarongs, crises, postcards, etc., for us at the hotel, and was not only willing but eager to give us any information we required. We found she had an excellent collection of sarongs and slendangs and pieces of batik work both in silk and cotton. This batik work is peculiar to Java, and is a most curious process. The natives spin the yarn and weave the cloth, as I was informed, without a loom. The cloth is first steeped in rice water and then stretched on a frame, then with a little funnel (not unlike that used to put sugar icing on cakes) hot wax is poured on the cloth in such a manner as to form a pattern or figure; the material is forthwith plunged into a dye which makes no impression on the wax, but colours the rest of the cloth; when the dye is fixed, hot water removes the wax, which is again applied to another part, and the cloth once more placed in a different dye. This process is repeated until all the required colours and patterns have been obtained. Should red or crimson be one of the colours needed, the cloth is sometimes immersed in oil for two or three days before it is dyed, this being supposed to give a peculiar richness to the colour. As the cloth is batiked on both sides, there is neither right nor wrong side to the material. It is a very tedious

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process, but the women are exceedingly clever in doing it, and sit at their frames with little charcoal furnaces beside them for melting the wax. The Susuhunan, Sultan and other Royalties wear batik of a peculiar kind, sacred to them, and no one else dare be seen wearing sarongs with the royal designs or colours. Unfortunately this unique industry has suffered from the introduction by Europeans of cheap printed calicoes with inartistic designs. These designs are not only imitated by the natives, to the detriment of their own artistic tracing, but the calicoes are used instead of the batik cloth for sarongs and slendangs, etc. Soon the genuine Javanese article will be difficult to procure, except at a very high figure; even now some of the more elaborately-designed sarongs cost from £6 to £10 each, and are bought and worn by Dutch ladies. I bought two ordinary ones fairly reasonably; one had a pattern all over it, and the other had in addition a panel. The latter kind is worn in a particular district, and the sarong is so arranged that the panel comes to the front of the wearer. The handkerchiefs for turbans are also batiked, some in lovely shades of brown. Mrs. Noronha had a large number of other interesting things to show and sell, amongst

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them curious paper and cardboard figures, imitations of those used in the *wayangs*, or shadow picture shows, that the Javanese delight in. The real figures are made of leather or buffalo's hide; they are from eighteen inches to two feet in height, and painted, gilded, and ornamented with the greatest care. They are supposed to represent different characters in the history of Java from very early times down to the annihilation of the Hindoo empire of Madjapahit. These puppets are jointed and shown as shadows on a screen with the light behind them; considerable expense is incurred to make them something like the characters they represent; but the face and head are always grotesque and fantastic, so as not to quite represent the human face and lineaments which the law of Islam forbids to be reproduced. While these heroes and heroines are being manipulated from behind, an actor in front recites the story or poem that is represented, and sweet music is discoursed by the *gamelan*, a band of musical instruments consisting for the most part of small gongs, struck with wooden hammers covered with elastic gum. But there are also stringed instruments played like a harp, and a drum beaten with the hand. The name *gamelan* is also used to describe the

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native xylophone only, and not the whole orchestra. Javanese music is unwritten and played by ear; there are about a hundred national airs. The music of the gamelan is melancholy and a trifle monotonous but not disagreeable.

In addition to the wayangs or shadow picture plays, there is a performance called *topeng* played by men with masks. These plays, which are of the nature of our "Dumb Charades," are given in the open air, the spectators forming a circle round the performers. The latter are most sumptuously attired in ancient costumes, the head and face being hidden under an absurd mask. Usually a man called a *dalan* tells the story, the performers "suited the action to the word." These recitals are generally concerned with the history and fortunes, mythical and real, of Prince Panji, grandson of the old Emperor Dewa Kasoema, who established his kingdom at Jang'-gala, situated near the present Sourabaya, in 846. He is said to have introduced the *Kris* (Javanese or Malay short sword or dagger) into the countries he reigned over (though some ascribe its introduction to Panji), and to have been far in advance of his time in learning and skill. He had four sons; at his death he divided the island of Java among

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them, thus setting up four kingdoms instead of one. The eldest son was the father of Panji, a hero as renowned among the Javanese for his valour and marvellous exploits as Hercules among the Greeks.

We also inspected a collection of Krisses, which though of various shapes and kinds, follow one general pattern. Every Javanese man carries one stuck into his belt at the right side rather towards the back. It is from twelve to eighteen inches long, quite flat, though often wavy or serpentine in shape; sometimes the blade is beautifully damascened, and the hilt made of ivory with intricate carvings, or of gold ornamented with precious stones; the scabbard is correspondingly adorned. But these are for princes and nobles and wealthy Javanese; the common people are content with plain hilts and wooden scabbards. I bought one at the hotel from a travelling peddler, who brought some for our inspection; the blade was damascened and the hilt of ivory, beautifully carved, but the scabbard was of such ancient wood that it was falling to pieces; I was, however, very pleased to get it.

We had a long tiring day crowded with incident, so were glad to retire betimes, especially as we had



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to start very early next morning. I tried to write up my diary under the lamp in the verandah, but found myself so surrounded by a collection of dying and dead moths, and horrid little insects very much alive, that I gave up in despair and retired to my room, to be greeted by processions of little green lizards chasing each other up and down the walls or creeping backwards. I had never seen so many at one time. However, I knew they were harmless, so their gambols did not disturb my slumbers. In Djokja the hotels provide you with a little oil lamp, which burns all night, and is fixed against the wall, and enables you to keep an eye on the lizards. This lamp is the successor of the tumbler of oil with a wick in it, that Miss Scidmore speaks of, and shows how Java is progressing and how up-to-date she is.

## CHAPTER X

### BORO BOEDOR

THE next morning was gloriously fine, when at 7 a.m. we left the hotel in a motor car to drive the twenty-five miles that lay between Djokjakarta and the famous temple of Boro Boedor (meaning Great or Many Buddhas). It was fortunate for us that we were travelling in the days of motors, also that we were able to hire one; as thereby much time was saved and the fatigue reduced to a minimum. In default of a motor we should have had to go by a little train that ran alongside the road, unprotected by any railing, flanked on either side by booths and basket houses, to a place called Moentilan; here, a ramshackle carriage, the horses harnessed with pieces of rope, would have been in waiting to take us to the river Progo. The bridge has been broken down for many months, and in its stead a primitive raft made of plaited bamboo, similar to that with which the natives build the sides of their houses, and poised on four canoes,

is the only means of communication with the other side. Standing on this you are paddled across, hoping you may find a conveyance of some sort on the opposite bank, a hope that is seldom realised, unless you take the precaution of arranging with the manager of your hotel at Djokja to secure one to be in readiness for you. Otherwise there is nothing for it but to cover the distance between river and temple by "marrow bone stage," and this means a two mile walk that seems like four Irish miles on a hot afternoon, in spite of most of the way being along a tree-shaded avenue; at least so our friends who made the journey in the way described, told us later; they were unable to get any description of vehicle, and arrived at the temple in too exhausted a state to enjoy it properly. We were spared all this discomfort in our luxurious car, which was driven by an excellent and most careful Javanese chauffeur, and this expedition was without doubt the most enjoyable of the many pleasant drives we had in Java, and the only one we made by motor car.

The soft, fresh, morning air felt deliciously cool as it gently fanned our faces, while we glided swiftly and noiselessly along the shady roads and through the wayside villages in which the inhabi-

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tants were already astir. The native family groups in their gaily coloured sarongs, enjoying their simple morning meal *al fresco*, were a most picturesque and fascinating sight. Some were gathered just outside the bamboo houses, with little low wooden stands before them on which were bowls and plates containing rice and various other eatables, and little cups from which they were drinking I know not what; possibly tea or coffee, but if so without milk, which they never touch; the children clustering round for their share of the good things provided, were quite bewitching. As we passed the primitive little markets held on one side of the road, we could see the natives buying from the vendors of food in them, small parcels of cooked rice daintily wrapped in cool bamboo leaves, and fastened with a cactus thorn, or bargaining for the juicy fruits heaped in baskets on the ground. Along the road came men going to work with their tools in their hands or carried on the shoulder; enormous blue and red hats covered their heads, and made delightful bits of colour against the green background; a moving bundle of green stuff turned out to be a carrier balancing on a bamboo pole two huge bundles of fodder, between which his face looked out like that



STAIRCASE, BORO BOEDOR



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of an owl from a monster ivy bush. Across the rice sawahs clumsy-looking grey bullocks were ploughing their way through the swampy soil, urged on by little brown boys innocent of all clothing, who were seated astride their backs; dotted here and there over these paddy fields were groups of men and women toiling up to their knees in muddy water, tending or transplanting what is in their estimation a sacred grain, "the gift of the gods." The whole way, in fact, was a succession of delightful pictures, and always there was the same background of rice plantations, sometimes flat, sometimes in terraces covered with water glittering in the sunshine or glowing in vivid shades of green, varying from the startlingly bright colour of the young shoots newly transplanted, to the darker, intenser emerald hue of the crops giving promise of harvest. As for the flowers! such a gorgeous array of scarlet, blue, yellow, pink and white blossoms met the eye on every hand and perfumed all the air, that it was almost overpowering, while among the kanaris, palms, and bamboos were some trees ablaze with huge bright scarlet blossoms something like the flame trees (*Poinciana regia*) of Singapore.

In addition to the kampongs by the way, where

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the inhabitants were so much in evidence, were other villages enclosed within bamboo palisades almost hidden from sight by the wealth of greenery which covered both the fence and the houses. We noticed also that on the outskirts of each kampong was placed a bamboo erection with tiled roof and raised floor, having hanging by the door a hollow log with a stick inside it. This we learned was a rest-house for travellers where they can partake of food brought with them, and sleep during the noontide heat, secure alike from sun and rain; it serves also as a meeting-place for the villagers, where the news of the day can be discussed. The hollow piece of wood is used as a drum and beaten by the stick. According to the note struck it either invites the natives to come forth from their dwellings and hear a piece of news or an order from the Government, or else it warns them to keep closely *indoors*, because some one is indulging in the pastime of running “ amok.”

The Javanese, in common with the Malays, are subject to this sudden madness, and when taken with a fit of anger a man will rush down the road brandishing a kris. He pursues a straight course, and turns neither to right nor left, but kills everything that comes in his way, whether man or beast,



and continues his wild career until arrested by native police, who have a special apparatus, consisting of a bamboo pole terminating in two large prongs, for catching these madmen. The prongs are pushed under the arms, and so pinioned, the disturber of the peace is overpowered and taken to prison to answer for any crimes he may have committed. The signal to keep inside the house or fence is therefore at times most necessary. We crossed the river by a quaint covered bridge, and continued our way by narrower but not less beautiful roads; birds of most brilliant plumage of varied hues soared above us, and gorgeously coloured butterflies of immense size fluttered about us. The rapid and smooth progress, and the strange sights all around, gave one a sensation of unreality, as if it were all a dream. The wheels of Time seemed to have turned back to the era of the Arabian nights, our motor car appeared a magician's chariot rushing through the air, its motive power only the command of our Jinn driver, at whose word we were being transported to our destination with the speed and promptitude of Prince Houssain's magic carpet.

From such illusions we were awakened by the said driver turning round and calling out, " Boro

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Boedor! ” at the same time pointing to a grey turret-crowned hill in the distance, behind which stood out three magnificent mountains. Soon we entered the avenue of kanari trees leading up to the passangrahan or government hostelry, along which our friends had toiled in the burning sun some days previously. The way was strewn with perfect and imperfect statues of Buddha, also fierce stone lions and dragons in a more or less broken condition, right up to the door of the inn, where two Buddhas and an enormous stone lion kept guard. So ended this wonderful drive which was a fitting prelude to our visit to the most marvellous temple the brain of man has ever conceived or human hands executed; a temple without interior, pillar or roof, writing or inscription; made of stones cast forth from some fiery volcano, put together without mortar or cement; a shrine for some portion of the ashes of the Great Buddha, on which no skill or labour had been spared to make it worthy of its object.

Buddhism was founded in India in the sixth century B.C. by Gautama, the son of Suddhodana, who was chief or king of an Aryan tribe called Sakyas. Gautama was afterwards known as Buddha, or “ The Perfectly Enlightened One,”

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and also as Sakya-muni, or wise man of the Sakya tribe; his mother's name was Maya. As a youth he occupied himself in studying the problems of existence and the universality of suffering, and while still a young man he gave up home and friends and went forth into the jungle to dwell apart from mankind, living the life of an ascetic and mortifying the flesh in every possible way. Here he was taught by Brahmin recluses many of the mysteries and secrets of life, but after some years he abandoned this mode of living as unprofitable, and returned to the world. Then, as he sat under the tree of wisdom came his final battle with the powers of evil, from which he emerged conqueror and attained to perfect illumination and self-conquest. This entitled him to Nirvana, a state of bliss without desire or suffering; but such was his love and pity for humanity that he voluntarily relinquished it for a time, and went forth again into the world to teach men the lessons he had learned.

Originally, Buddhism was not strictly speaking a religion, as it claimed no knowledge of God nor of any duty towards Him; it recognised no form of prayer, had no belief in the soul or immortality, nor had it any ritual, priest or sacrifice. It was a

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system of philosophy, and its principal tenets set forth that suffering being co-existent with life, and desire being the cause of suffering, the aim of each one should be, by living a pure life of self-sacrifice and love, to subdue and finally conquer desire, and so obtain salvation from sin and its consequences.

This wished for result is gained during a succession of re-births, either in human or animal form; in each period of earthly existence something of the gross and carnal is eliminated until the individual becomes so cleansed and purified that he reaches the state called Nirvana, where no desire is possible, as it is existence without personality.

For forty-five years Gautama Buddha preached and taught his doctrine throughout the length and breadth of the land; then in the eightieth year of his age he died, and (tradition says) his ashes were divided among eight towns, a portion being allotted for burial in each of them. Three hundred years later, King Asoka caused seven of these tombs to be opened and the ashes in them divided, this time, it is said, into upwards of eighty thousand parts, each portion being carefully and reverently placed in a metal or stone vase, so that wherever the disciples of Buddha should settle, one of these memorial urns containing the

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venerated remains should find a place in their midst.

At first they were merely buried under mounds of earth or tumuli; but later, to preserve them more effectually from hurt or desecration, stone monuments were erected over them in the shape of dagobas, which were supposed to represent the bud of the lotus resting on a pedestal formed by the leaf or open flower of the lotus lily, which is held as a sacred flower by Buddhists all over the world.

Boro Boedor is without doubt one of these shrines, and the most beautiful of them all. At one time there must have rested in the cavity beneath the large unfinished Buddha of the topmost dagoba one of the urns or vases containing what was believed to be one of these infinitesimal portions of the sacred ashes of the great teacher, Gautama Buddha, but this has long since disappeared.

The temple was erected (as far as can be ascertained) about the middle of the seventh century, when Buddhism was at the zenith of its fame in Java, and for three centuries longer it continued to flourish. In 1475, however, the warrior hordes of "The Prophet" swept over the land, and the

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people were converted to Mohammedanism at the point of the sword. Not that much force was necessary, as the easy-going Javanese embraced the new faith as readily as they had turned from Brahma to Buddha; indeed, by that time the "Great Teacher's" religion had begun to decline in favour, and many had returned to Brahmanism. A few remained faithful to Buddha, and I like to think that the old tradition is true which says that some of these disciples, afraid lest the glorious shrine which enclosed the ashes of their Master should fall into the hands of enemies, and its terraces be polluted by their footsteps, covered up with kindly earth the marvellous masonry and intricate carvings, planting over it wild vines, clinging creepers and quick growing trees, until in a very little while the rapid growth of vegetation in the tropics had made the mound which hid such a treasure indistinguishable from other green hills around.

Many years rolled away, dense forests thick with undergrowth grew up around the buried shrine, whose secret was so well kept that neither legend nor tradition told the tale of its existence, or hinted at its whereabouts. Out of sight and forgotten, undisturbed by friend or foe, for six

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centuries the Tyandi Barabadur lay concealed in the jungle, till accident revealed in 1814 the existence of this relic of a thousand years ago to some British engineers. Fortunately, Sir Stamford Raffles was at that time in command of the island, and realised at once, from the report received, the great importance of the find. For six weeks over two hundred natives were engaged in cutting down and rooting up trees and ferns and taking the earth off the building. When most of the débris had been cleared away, drawings were made and measurements taken by order of Sir Stamford Raffles. Unfortunately the latter had soon to give up his command, and Java was restored to the Netherlands before the excavations were completed. The Dutch Government, however, was fully alive to the great importance of the discovery, and Dutch archæologists were quite as keen as English ones, to unearth the buried ruins and investigate the temple's history. Antiquarians and savants have devoted much time and study, not only to Boro Boedor, but also to the numerous ruined temples scattered throughout the length and breadth of Java. But none of them can vie with Boro Boedor in grandeur of conception and elaborativeness of design. It is a miracle of art,

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the most glorious Buddhist monument in the whole world. Speaking of it Alfred Russell Wallace says, "The amount of human labour and skill expended on the great Pyramid of Egypt sinks into insignificance when compared with that required to complete this sculptured hill temple in the interior of Java." (Malay Archipelago.)

Dr. Groneman, the honorary president of the Archæological Society at Djokjakarta, has written a most excellent and comprehensive explanatory pamphlet about Boro Boedor, which has been translated into English and can be obtained on the spot. It furnishes a useful, if somewhat learned, guide book to the ruins, and especially the bas-reliefs. I am greatly indebted to it for much of the information concerning the temple I am able to give.

The first view of Boro Boedor, as seen from the door of the passagrahan, gives one a feeling of bewildered astonishment, not unaccompanied by disappointment. It is unlike one's preconceived notions, and appears a confused mass of broken walls and pinnacles and huge grey stones as it stands out stark and bare against the intense blue sky. No mantle of clinging creeper softens the hard, jagged outlines, no covering of velvety



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green moss conceals the broken stones, and this is the more striking when contrasted with the superabundant luxuriant vegetation all around. Not until you cross the intervening space and stand on the first of the terraces do you begin to realise the superlative nature of the vast design, and the enormous amount of time and toil expended on a building in which almost every stone has its intricate carving. You are filled with awe and wonder; surely giants must have built and elves and gnomes ornamented this miracle of art; it is impossible it can have been wrought by human hands!

As you pass round the galleries engraved on either side, with clear-cut pictures in stone, surmounted by pinnacles and cupolas adorned with graceful flower or weird looking animal, and look up to find the inscrutable eyes of the calm-faced Buddhas fixed on you at every turn; as you ascend from terrace to terrace and find new wonders and fresh splendours surrounding you on all sides, you begin to understand that months might be spent in examining this peerless edifice without exhausting its marvels or finding out all its treasures. No description in writing can convey more than the faintest idea of this unique temple; its grandeur is

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too vast and overwhelming, and there is nothing in the world to which it can be compared. It is situated in the Residency of Kadu in Mid Java, near the Progo river, in the midst of a fertile plain. In form it is a many-sided pyramid, and each side of the base measures six hundred feet. Though so broad at the base, it is not more than a hundred feet high, and has no interior, the natural conical shaped hill or mound, which forms the centre or core, being enclosed by a series of terraces built right round it. Starting from the bottom and mounting upward, there is first the remains of a broad platform or terrace covered with stones which hide the original lowest or outer terrace four feet below. Dr. Groneman obtained leave from the Government to have this latter partially uncovered, and was rewarded by finding a great number of beautiful bas-reliefs (160), the existence of which was unknown till then. These were photographed and then carefully covered up again, so are not accessible to the ordinary tourist. The present outer terrace is in a very ruined condition, and the openwork parapet which formerly enclosed it has completely disappeared; from it rise one above the other five square terraces to which access is obtained by high stone steps form-

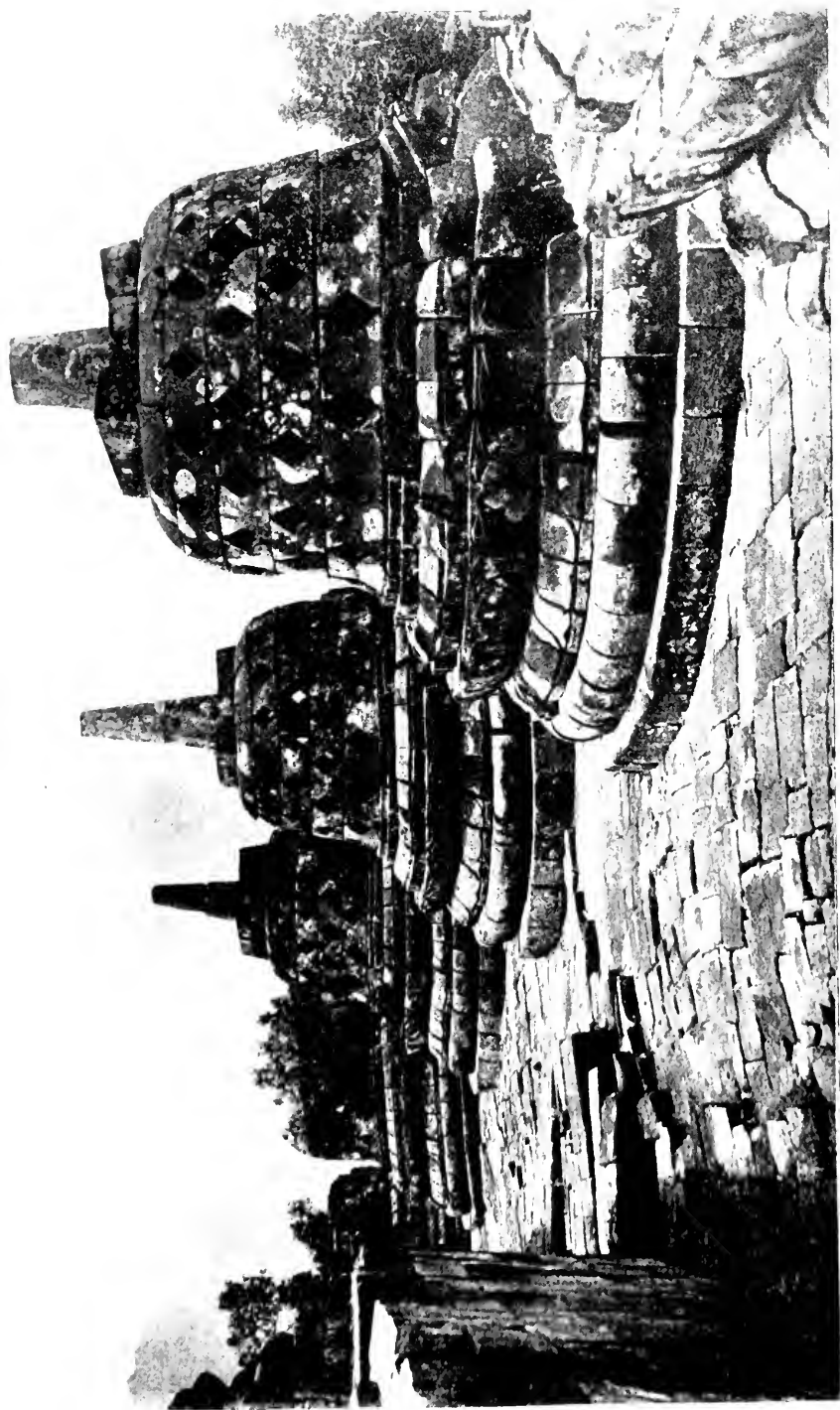
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ing a continuous flight of stairs to the top. There are four of these staircases, one in the middle of each side of the temple, and at each terrace an archway is built over the stairs and profusely carved and ornamented and surmounted by a grotesque head. Formerly there was a balustrade on either side issuing from lions' mouths and terminating in serpents' tails, and the opening at each terrace was guarded by sitting lions; there were also gates, as the stone sockets for hinges can be plainly seen, but all these have disappeared.

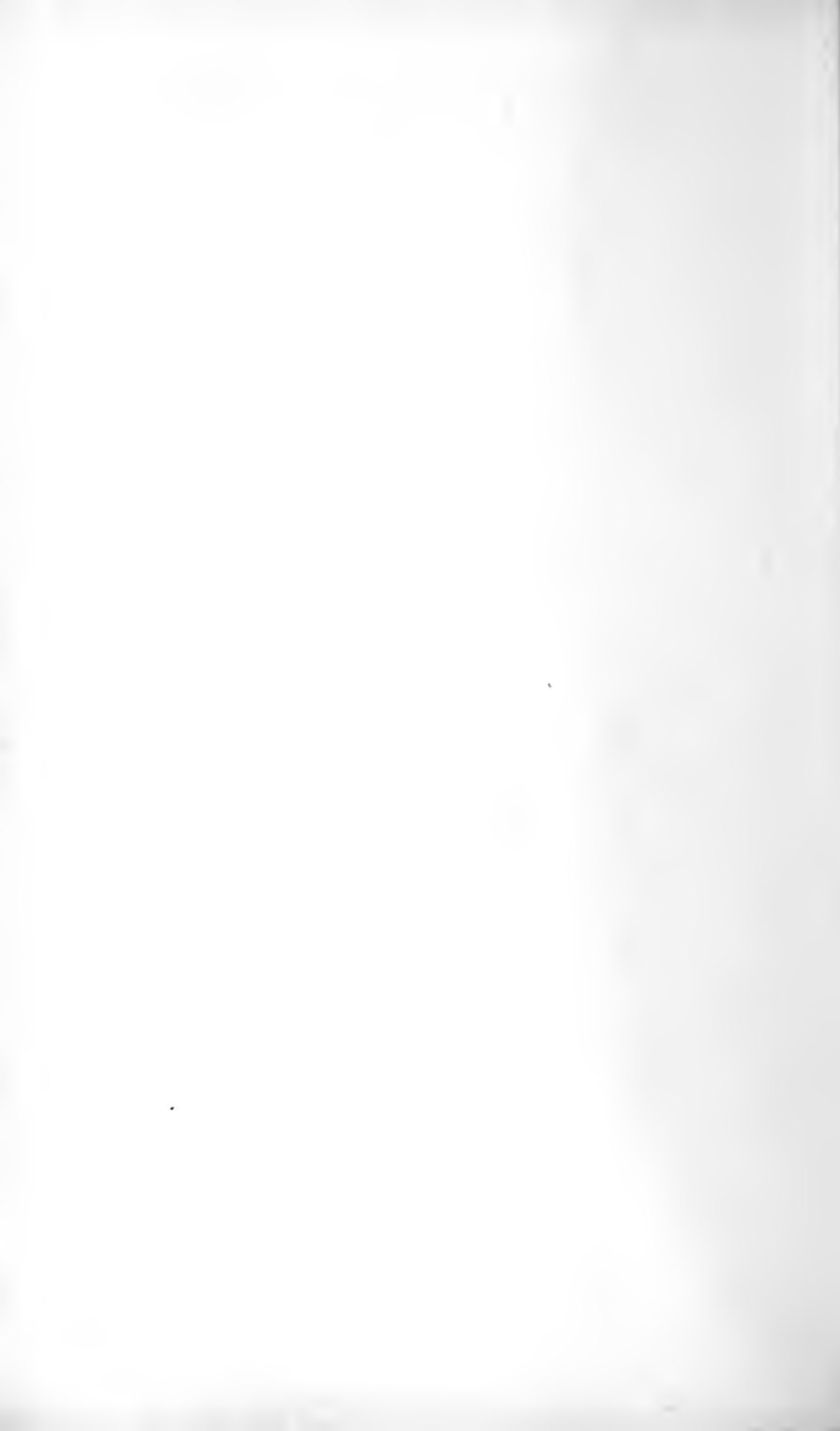
The wall surrounding each terrace is raised above the succeeding terrace and forms a parapet to it. Both sides of walls and parapets alike are covered with the most wonderful bas-reliefs depicting scenes from the life of Buddha, and these are the most marvellous and striking characteristics of the temple. Jutting out from the walls at regular intervals are buttresses or projections extending more than half-way across the terrace. These projections are on a level with the terrace below, but the upper portion is fashioned into an alcove or niche surmounted by stone spires and cupolas, all most richly decorated and forming a shrine for a life-size image of Buddha. Jutting out from the projection below the statue, but fac-

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ing towards the outer wall is a weird-looking grotesque head of some mythical animal, something like the gargoyles on cathedrals, and evidently used as a spout to drain off the water. The Buddhas are seated on lotus leaf cushions or thrones, with legs crossed, tailor fashion (*sîlâ*, as the Javanese term is), with a halo or disc round the head. There are 432 of these projecting niches or shrines containing Buddhas, all of whom face *outwards* towards the four points of the compass. The figures are nude, with the exception of what Dr. Groneman calls "a thin cloak, the same that is worn by the monks of the Southern church," over the left shoulder, but some term this "the Brahmanic cord," and it certainly looks more like a cord than a cloak. The head is covered with short curls, and has the tiara or round hair knot on the top. Passing from terrace to terrace under successive arches over the staircase, until we have ascended to the fifth, we find ourselves before a *circular* terrace; there are three of these, not enclosed by walls but outlined by a row of dagobas of pierced stone, seventy-two in number, looking like huge bells, and intended to represent the bud of the lotus flower. There are thirty-two of these ranged at regular intervals



DAGOBAS, CIRCULAR TERRACE, BORO BOEDOR



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round the first terrace, then seven or eight steps higher the second has twenty-four, and higher again, where the hill is narrower, there are only sixteen, enclosing the third and last terrace. Each of these dagobas rests on a lotus leaf base, and contains a statue of Buddha in the same posture as the Buddhas below, but facing *inwards*, apparently gazing forth through the stone lattice work at the great central dome, rising in the middle of the third or highest terrace. Alike in form to the other dagobas, but many times larger, this huge, supreme one rears itself far above the surrounding masonry, forming the crowning point or apex of the whole structure. Through being on the top it has suffered most of all from the long burial, and only part of it remains. When it was discovered it was completely closed; on being opened it was found to contain an enormous statue of Buddha in an unfinished condition, seated on a platform which covered a deep cavity. In this no doubt once reposed the memorial urn containing the sacred ashes. Leading from this small chamber is a larger one, on a lower level, which was probably made use of by the priests in connection with their occult observances. A great deal of controversy has raged round the signifi-

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cance and meaning of the unfinished condition of the central Buddha, but it still remains a matter of conjecture, as neither writing nor inscription appears in any part of the temple to give any explanation. Some archæologists consider the incomplete figure depicts Buddha as having attained Nirvana, and now wholly separated from the world and dwelling in a region beyond it; he has passed into the state of Parinirvana or non-existence, which means absorption in the Infinite, the ultimate aim of all devout Buddhists. The unfinished state of the statue is symbolical of the imperfect knowledge possessed by the artist of the form the great Teacher bears in his beatific condition.

Dr. Groneman suggests a much more matter of fact explanation; in his opinion, the statue was not completed because it was never intended to be seen, and therefore time and labour spent on finishing it would have been wasted.

Returning to the square terraces, we find, as Dr. Groneman tells us, that each of them "is about ten feet above the preceding one, and they are connected by flights of stairs of about ten steps each; that each gallery has a width between the walls of about seven feet, and the walls are five feet thick."



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The Buddhas in the niches or shrines are all exactly alike except for the position of the right hand; the left hand invariably rests on the lap, the back of the hand laid on the right foot. But the right hand of the Buddhas on the first four terraces vary according to which point of the compass the figure faces. Those looking towards the North have the right hand raised with palm to the front and fingers pointing upwards; this is supposed to represent Buddha expounding the law. Those facing South have the back of the right hand resting on the right thigh, the open palm signifying Buddha teaching. Those with face turned to the East have the palm of the right hand on the lap, which shows Buddha learning. With face turned to the West (sunset) the two hands are side by side on the lap, palms upwards, depicting the Teacher in meditation. The fifth or last square terrace (or wall) commands all four quarters (or the zenith), and on it the figures are distinguished by having the right hand upraised, the tip of the index finger bent over and touching the thumb, so as to form a circle, the symbol of the sun. This is presumably Buddha demonstrating and explaining the Buddhistic doctrine of which the circle was also symbolic. In the three circular

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terraces, where the Buddhas are imprisoned in the stone bells, with rhombic openings, and facing inwards, both hands are held in front of them, the right one above the left, with bent fingers curved shell-like over it. These represent Buddha in Nirvana in profound meditation.

Dr. Groneman points out that the Buddhas of the five square terraces are seated on lotus thrones with a halo of light round the head, and probably are intended to represent the rule of Buddha over the world of men and animals. Those in the bell-shaped dagobas have no halo, and their faces are turned away from the earth; they show Buddha as having left the world and ruling over spheres above and beyond it.

It was Wilhelm Von Humboldt that first drew attention to the five different attitudes of the Buddhas of Boro Boedor and compared them with the five Dhyani-Buddhas. Three of these latter, Vairochana, Akshobya, and Ratna-Sambhava, ruled in succession during thousands of years over three successive worlds which have now disappeared. The fourth, Gautama Buddha Sakya-Muni, has reigned for many centuries over this world, but he also must pass away, and this earth be destroyed and a new one created. Then

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will come the fifth and last, Amogasiddha, the Buddha of Love. Dr. Groneman, to whom I am indebted for the above particulars, does not agree with Humboldt, and shows how in many respects the Buddhas at Boro Boedor differ considerably from the Dhyani Buddhas of Nepal, though he acknowledges there are certain points of agreement.

From the Buddhas we turn to examine the marvellous bas-reliefs that adorn all the walls. They are so numerous that if placed in a straight line they would extend for three miles. Except in a few instances they are as clearly cut and vivid as a thousand years ago; full of force and delicacy and not without humourous touches; these carvings in stone represent scenes from the life of Buddha and his disciples, and illustrate some of the many legends with which his name is associated.

The story of Buddha, from his leaving his lotus throne to descend into the world to his future mother, up to the time he attains Nirvana, is set forth in "the language of plastic art"; incidentally also, are depicted the manners and customs of the seventh century, which so much resemble those of the twentieth, that many of the scenes

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sculptured on these hoary walls are enacted to-day in the kampongs and sawahs, and elsewhere throughout Java. The clumsy buffalo still draws the primitive plough, the native continues to gather the ripe rice ear by ear, and to carry home the sheaves on a shoulder pole of identical shape; women carry water vessels of the same ancient pattern on their heads, and the dancing girls practice the graceful evolutions that found favour before the Sultan and Princes of the mighty but long vanished Empire of Mataram. Records of court life and ceremonial, in which the royal umbrellas and state caparisoned elephants bear a conspicuous part; life in the fields showing the sowing, planting and reaping of the sacred grain; scenes in the forest and jungle where the sinuous snake winds his way through the grass, the monkeys frolic in the trees, and the birds hover in the air; all have their place in this unique picture gallery.

Buddha appears in them in various forms and avocations; at one time he is riding his famous horse Kanthaka, and at another weighing birds in a scale as Thoth weighed souls in Egyptian sculpture; he is seen seated on rushes under a fig tree which henceforth becomes the venerated Bo

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tree or tree of wisdom; he is engaged in his struggle with the evil one and comes off conqueror. One series gives some of his re-incarnations, he is born a king and riding a white elephant, then becomes a mendicant asking alms; here he is an old seaman accompanying a wealthy merchant on a voyage, and a quaint fully rigged three-masted ship is portrayed; again he is a Brahmin living in a primeval forest, and thus it goes on showing successive re-births. He is also an animal in some of his incarnations, and takes in turn the shape of an elephant, stag, wild bull, monkey, swan, quail, woodpecker, fish, turtle, hare, etc. As a turtle he saves the passengers and crew of a shipwrecked vessel, carrying them on his back to a desert island, where, as there is no food, he offers his body to be eaten. As a hare, he has nothing to give the Lord of Heaven to eat except bitter grass, so throws himself on the fire to be roasted for Indra's meal, but is rescued unhurt and taken to heaven. All these and hundreds more are depicted with such poetic symbolism, such harmony of purpose and minuteness of detail, and executed with such lavish ornamentation and intricate carving that one stands amazed. The cornices of the outer walls

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are decorated with festoons of groups of birds, and bands of rosettes of varied but ever graceful form and figure, whether of man or animal, flower or fruit, so perfectly finished that the artistic skill and unwearied patience of those ancient workmen (to whom it must have been a labour of love and a religious rite) are a rebuke to the less conscientious craftsman of to-day.

We walked on a roasting hot afternoon through gallery after gallery of these marvellous sculptures, and, beautiful as they were, it was very tiring work, and we would fain have had them transplanted to a more temperate region. If all the hundreds of stone pajongs depicted before us had been transformed into one huge, real umbrella, it would have been no more protection from that scorching sun than a cobweb. We toiled up the steep stone steps leading to the highest terrace, where the Buddhas in Nirvana sheltered from the sun in their lotus bud dagobas, eternally meditate, gazing out through their stone lattice with unseeing eyes and mysterious look, ever calm and inscrutable, unhurt by the many centuries of neglect that have passed over their heads. Unaffected by the tourists who come at intervals to look and wonder, and sometimes to

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envy their cool retreat, they hold their vigil round the shrine which once contained some of the ashes of the beloved Master. Up to that shrine we climbed by the rude staircase that leads to the top, and then such a magnificent panorama was spread out before us that heat and fatigue were alike forgotten. From where we stood the view extended on every side for miles; three great volcanic mountains rose majestic from a vast plain—Soemboeng, of sugar loaf form; Merbaboe, at whose base the documents conveying Java to the English were signed in 1811; and Merapi, from whose crater death and destruction have too often issued. Other peaks beyond were faintly outlined against the horizon, and it is said that on a very clear day no less than nine volcanoes can be distinguished. The plain itself was one great fertile garden covered with rice fields, tobacco, tea, and indigo plantations, and studded with palm groves marking the sites of kampongs. The river Progo, like a streak of silver, wound its way along; a soft haze gave a mirage-like effect to hill and plain, and entranced by such a glorious prospect, we echoed Miss Marianne North's words, uttered on this spot forty years before, "the finest landscape I have ever seen."

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Turning from Nature's wonders around us to man's stupendous work beneath us, we looked down upon the venerable pile of timeworn stones, and into the marvellous sculptured terraces, over which the silent, mysterious Buddhas had watched for so many centuries, keeping vigil first in the heyday of the wondrous shrine's glory and splendour, and then in the profound darkness of its buried period. Now that once more the light of sun and stars shines upon them, they look with sad, unfathomable eyes on the ruins, "yet beautiful in decay" of its former grandeur, a grandeur so transcendent that we could almost believe in the truth of the old tradition that has grown up around it, which tells how the temple rose in one night at the bidding of genii.

Our time at Boro Boedor was all too short; had we known we would have arranged to spend the night at the passangrahan, as the temple ought to be seen just before sunrise, when it takes on its most weird and mysterious aspect in the grey light before dawn, it also should be viewed at sunset, when it is bathed in rich, glowing colours that give to statues and carvings the semblance of life. It was too late, however, to make any change in our plans, and most reluctantly we tore ourselves



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away before we had seen one quarter of its glories, though what we had seen sufficed to fill our minds with awe and wonder.

The Bromo volcano in the Tengger Mountains and the Boro Boedor temple near Djokjakarta stand out in my memory as the two great sights of Java. It seems as though Nature and Man vie with one another in producing unique monuments of the power of the former and the skill of the latter. From Boro Boedor we drove to the beautiful Tjandi Mendoet (also a Buddhist Temple), which is on the other side of the river Progo, a little over a mile from Boro Boedor.

For many years its existence was unsuspected, and it lay hidden in the depths of the jungle covered with the ashes of the neighbouring volcano Merapi.

In 1835 it was discovered by a Dutchman named Hartman; when the temple was exposed to view it was found that the original outlines of the structure were well preserved, and judging from the design and decoration, it appeared to have been built about the same time as Boro Boedor, or possibly a little later.

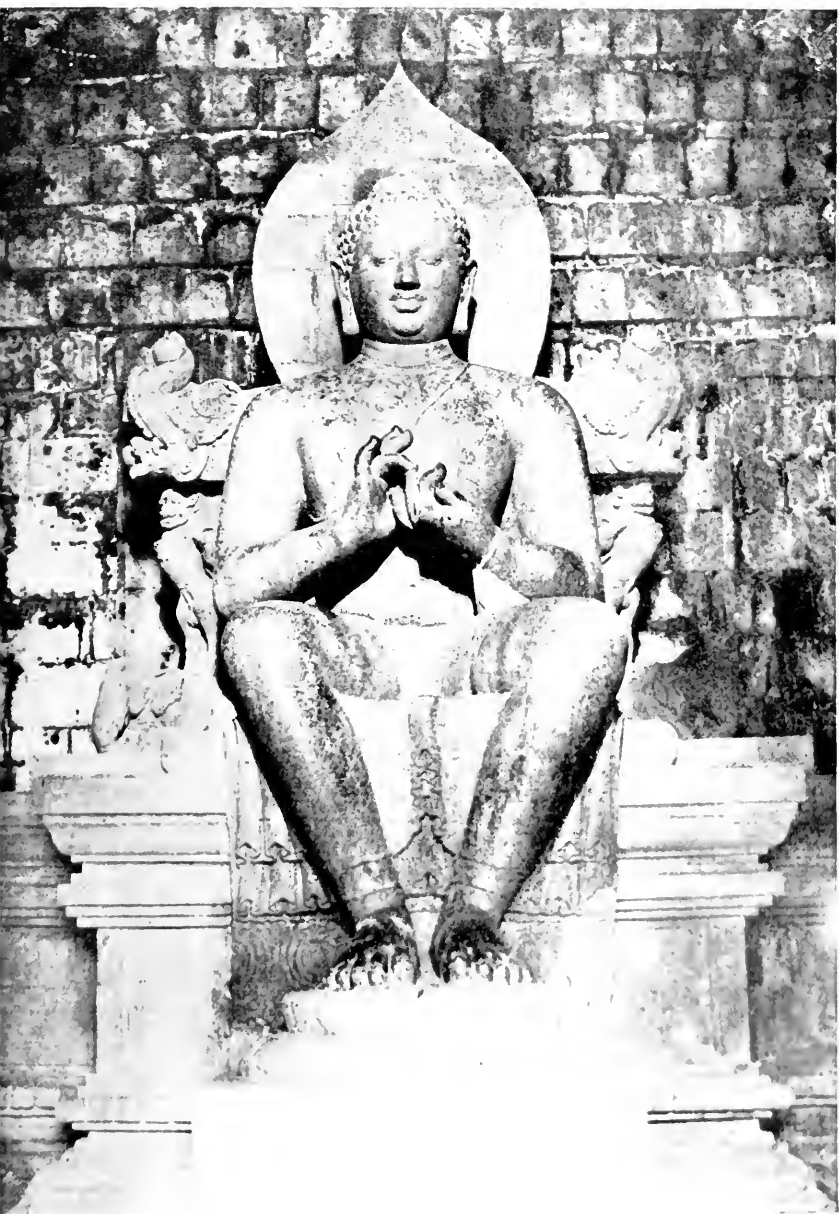
The temple is octagonal in form, and is crowned by a pyramidal cupola; the body of the building

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is 46 feet square, and rises to a height of over 60 feet. An arched doorway gives access to the interior, and in the entrance are some very beautiful bas-reliefs.

On passing into the dimly lighted inner chamber (21 feet square) one is confronted by three colossal statues, one facing the entrance and one on either side. These statues are all representations of Buddha, and have been called by some the "Buddhist Trinity." The Central Statue is 11 feet high, and quite plain and unadorned except for the Brahmanic cord, in striking contrast to the elaborately decorated smaller figures on either side, which are each eight feet high.

The whole temple is in a very ruined condition, but many of the bas-reliefs are marvellously perfect, especially one in the entrance to the interior, on which Buddha is depicted seated under a "Bo" tree, whose leaves have spread themselves out over his head, so as to form a pajong or state umbrella; groups of worshippers are presenting him with offerings and incense, while Buddha appears to be addressing to them words of wisdom. The figures in this sculpture are executed with wonderful skill and delicacy, and show little trace



CENTRAL BUDDHA, MENDOTA TEMPLE



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of their long burial. We were also much interested in another fine bas-relief, in which Buddha appears as an infant in his mother's arms, for it might easily have been a representation of the Madonna and Child, as depicted by Italian artists.

There are other ruined temples in the same neighbourhood which we would gladly have visited had time permitted, such as the majestic ruins of Prambanan on the banks of the river Opak between Djokja and Solo. Prambanan is superior to Mendoet both in architecture and in beauty of detail, and is famous as containing the exquisite statue of Loro Jonggran, the "pure virgin" of the Javanese, and consort of Siva, who is worshipped in India under the name of Kali.

This beautiful image is eight-armed, and stands six feet high; the whole ruin is often named after it, and it is referred to as the Tjandi Loro Jonggran. One of the bas-reliefs that adorns the room in which the statue is placed, is known as the "Three Graces."

Then there are the ruins of Tjandi Sewoe, or "The Thousand Temples," the largest structure among all the Buddhist monuments that has yet been discovered in Java, which are situated a short

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distance from Prambanan. They consist of a large central temple, surrounded by four rows of smaller ones, 240 in number. Formerly these were enclosed by three walls, but only a portion of the innermost one remains. The giant images of kneeling watchmen still guard the four roads leading to the four entrances, but the four temples that stood near the watchmen have been completely destroyed, probably by an earthquake.

Other notable ruins are the Tjandi Singosari, or " Temple of the Garden of the Lion," which is to be found on a plain at the foot of the Tengger Mountains, about four miles from Malang; also the numerous temples on the Dieng plateau, of which there are over 400 in a more or less ruined condition; the most perfect of these are the five Ardjoeno temples, and the Tjandi Bima or " House with the Heads."

Months might be spent in visiting and examining these " stupendous and finished specimens of human labour and of the science and taste of ages long since forgot."

## CHAPTER XI

GAROET; LAKE BAGENDIT; VALLEY OF DEATH;

UPAS TREE

ON our way back from Boro Boedor and Mendoet, we had a terrific thunderstorm and the rain fell in torrents. All the picturesque scenes of our morning drive were blotted out by a curtain of mist and rain, and our motor splashed through what might easily have been mistaken for a shallow river, such a deluge of water poured along the road. We were quite snug and dry in our comfortable car, which afforded adequate protection from wind and rain, but it was disappointing to miss the charming views. Our only mishap (if one could call it so) arose from my thoughtlessly placing my camera on the floor of the car, which was extremely hot, owing to the speed at which we were going. Fortunately I discovered my mistake before all the films were spoiled, but some were blurred and others rendered useless by the celluloid partially melting

## A JOURNEY TO JAVA

and so obliterating the impression. It was most unlucky!

We got back to Djokja in good time and left the thunderstorm behind us, but not the rain, which came down persistently the rest of the evening; the atmosphere was most sultry and oppressive, with no cooling breeze to refresh us. This sort of weather seemed to have a most exciting effect on the lizards, as they chased each other up and down the wall with added energy and in larger numbers than on the previous night, their weird call of "chuck, chuck," being more persistent than heretofore. I did not molest them, as the Javanese say that to kill a gheko or lizard brings disaster on the slayer; but I was glad to be safely behind mosquito curtains, as I watched their antics by the dim light of the night-lamp, while I pondered on all the marvels I had seen that day, till my waking thoughts of mysterious temples and solemn-faced Buddhas were merged in the fantasies of true dreamland.

Rather close and uncertain weather greeted us next morning for our train journey to Garoet, and the rain seemed perilously near; fortunately it did not fall, but the atmosphere was misty and prevented our having as good a view as we



## GAROET; LAKE BAGENDIT

should have liked of the magnificent mountains as we made our way up into their midst.

It is a long journey from Djokja to the pretty little town and delightful summer resort of Garoet, which is situated on a plateau 200 feet above the level of the sea, and encircled by no fewer than fourteen volcanic mountains, the largest of which is Goenoeng Goentor, or Black Thunder mountain. Garoet was once a holy city, undefiled by the white man's tread, forbidden to Europeans. This is all changed and it has become a recognised health resort and summer station, where, as at Tosari, the jaded Western, worn out by the fiery heat in the cities of the plain or by the sea, can come to be cooled and invigorated; it is also a centre from which the tourist can make expeditions to the marvellous sights in its vicinity. Our train journey was full of interest, though in the beginning the interminable rice fields were a trifle monotonous; but as we mounted higher the flat fields gave place to a series of rounded or curved terraces, on which the precious grain was grown, with a much prettier effect, as the water dripping from terrace to terrace formed huge pools or miniature lakes which reflected the azure of the sky and

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glittered in the sun. From the enormous tracts of land used for the cultivation of rice, one might suppose Java could supply the whole world with that commodity, whereas there is not much more than suffices for her own consumption. We passed over high bridges spanning deep ravines, in whose depths one could catch a glimpse of the white foam of the torrent as it dashed on its way; we crossed tracts of dark forest, where the dense undergrowth and tree ferns grew up almost to the line, showing that a clearing had been made through virgin forest for the railroad. Then our train, ever ascending, wound round a steep declivity, and from a dizzy height the plain far below could be seen. Another bit of forest and then we emerged on to a plateau dotted here and there with clumps of bamboo and waving palm trees, indicating kampongs. On this plateau the mountains seemed quite to surround and hem us in, and although the floating grey clouds only permitted some of the peaks to be visible against the sky, yet the effect of such a number of mighty mountains in close proximity, most of them with fire still slumbering in their hearts, was most solemn and awe-inspiring, in spite of the tantalising mist-curtain which was being perpetually raised and lowered.

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While still among the rice plantations we partook of an excellent lunch in the restaurant car, and we were able to reserve the contents of our Thermos flasks for afternoon tea.

About six o'clock we reached Tjibatoe, where we had to change trains, as Garoet is off the main line. Here we were besieged by swarms of coolies, who, with much chattering and gesticulation, seized our luggage to transfer it to the other train. Even had we understood and spoken their language, I doubt if we could have made ourselves heard in such a babel; as it was, we stood helpless, watching our beloved and necessary possessions carried off before our eyes, till at last, to our joy, our guide, George, appeared, and grasping the situation, with a few sharp sentences spoken with a commanding air, rescued the baggage from the multitude, and permitted about six coolies to have the honour of taking it to the Garoet train and depositing it in our carriage. This latter was quite different to any we had been in, and was just like an old-fashioned pew in an ancient church; there was a table in the middle with chairs round it, and even the tin sconces with candles in them hanging on the walls, heightened the illusion, for I have often

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seen similar ones in village churches. They gave a poor and most inadequate light. There was room and to spare for all our boxes and bags, and we had the compartment to ourselves. The dimness of the light was not of much consequence, as it was a very short run from Tjibatoe to Garoet. At the station there, we procured a carriage without difficulty, and a few minutes' drive brought us to our hotel, the Van Horck, one of the prettiest and most comfortable we visited in Java.

It was bewildering to be ushered, dusty and travel-stained as we were, from the darkness outside into a brilliantly-lighted dining room full of people in evening dress; but a most courteous landlord stepped forward and welcomed us in English and conducted us to very charming rooms. These were most spacious, and contained enormous beds, the biggest we slept in anywhere in Java, either before or after our stay in Garoet. They must have been eight feet square, and one could move on to a fresh, cool spot many times in the night. From the verandah outside the rooms, our outlook was a garden; as trees, shrubs and flowers were dimly visible by the light of Japanese lanterns hung on the trees,

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while the grass itself was ablaze with the light of thousands of fire-flies. Nowhere else did we see them in such numbers or giving forth such a brilliant illumination, and one could easily believe the stories of Javanese burglars using them as dark lanterns for their midnight prowlings.

This hotel was in many ways much the nicest we had been in. The rooms were not only large and airy, but the portion of verandah in front, which served as sitting-room, was screened off on either side, so you had a cosy and almost private lounge. Only when the passer-by came directly in front could he see or be seen, and as we were in a particularly quiet corner of the hotel there were few to disturb us. A hanging lamp over quite a good-sized table gave a most brilliant light, and the place was perfect for reading or writing, when one had learned to ignore the insects swarming around. Java has its own particular brands of these, and the light acts as a magnet to attract them, as well as the moths and bats, etc., known to us in England. Some of the bats are huge; indeed Java boasts of the largest species of bat yet discovered, called by the natives Kalong (*Steropus Javanicus*); it measures full five feet when its wings are ex-

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panded. I don't know whether we saw it, but we certainly saw some enormous ones, and among them the Lowo or dog bat (*Pteropus rostrabus*), which is not so common as the Kalong.

There is also a very tiny fly which is a great pest; Java teems with them, and day or night makes no difference to their ravages. They get into or on to every description of food, more especially sugar and sweet things; if you do not cover eatables they are soon black with them. They are so tiny as to be hardly visible, but if you put a lump of sugar on the table, in a couple of seconds it will be hidden under hundreds of the small flies which have settled on it. There is no possibility of getting rid of them all, and no doubt we swallowed hundreds.

The lizards in Garoet were as numerous and active as in Djokja, but they are said to wage war on the mosquitos, which they eat. There is a horrid and dangerous lizard called a blood-sucker, whose bite is poisonous, but he is very shy and rarely attacks except when on the defensive. The Garoet lizards had different notes of call, "Tooky, Tooky; Becky, Becky," being used as well as "Chuck, Chuck"; no doubt there are many species of these animals. Their noise

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did not disturb our slumbers, and after a good night's rest we awakened to find the weather most propitious for our excursion to Lake Bagendit. From our verandah we looked with interest on the pretty garden that had been so shadowy the evening before in the uncertain light shed by lanterns and fire-flies, and found it even more charming than we had expected.

Postponing our examination of Garoet itself until the afternoon, we set forth in carriages to drive to Lake Bagendit, one of the most famous of the excursions from Garoet. The lake is about an hour's drive through the most delightful scenery, not unlike the road from Djokja to Boro Boedor for the first part of the way; the same long, straight avenues bordered by shady trees with rice plantations on either side, sometimes with groves of bamboos and little bits of wood or copses, with waving palm trees of various kinds. In the distance could be seen the tea and coffee plantations and the outlines of dense forests where sportsmen go to shoot big game. All around were the marvellous mountains more clear and distinct than the day before, and looking very near, but in reality a long way off; smoke was issuing forth from some of them, but none

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was active at that particular time. In the flat rice fields little boys sat in bamboo huts poised on four thin poles erected in the middle of the sawah and drove the birds away from the ripe grain. The flat rice plantations were succeeded by curved terraces, in shape very much like the pictures of the pink and white terraces in New Zealand, before they were destroyed by the eruption of Mount Tarawera. In some of the fields the natives were gathering in the rice in one part, while in another small grey bullocks were drawing a primitive-looking plough through watery mud, under the direction of a tiny unclothed Javanese boy. There was "water, water everywhere," lakes and pools and running streams. No wonder the air was so charged with moisture and that one's boots became covered with blue mould in a night! Such an amount of water acted upon by a hot sun would turn any place into a vapour bath.

The way to Lake Bagendit lies through a native village, which is entered by a high gateway of bamboo. Here we were greeted by swarms of little children, all eager to get pennies in exchange for bunches of flowers and curious looking little basket traps for catching small fish;



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quaint miniature copies of those used by the men for taking the larger fish. The village was a typical Javanese one, each small brown basket house almost buried in bamboo, banana, and palm trees. One principal street ran down the middle to the shore of the lake and as we approached we heard the sound of music. We found it proceeded from a band of musicians stationed under trees at the water's edge and playing on the strange bamboo instrument called the *anklung*. These are made of bamboo tubes, each instrument when shaken producing one note; these notes range from treble to bass and vary in tone according to the size of the instrument. They are rapidly shaken one after the other, in whatever order is essential to the desired tune. They produce a weird kind of music, but it is most effective, especially when heard across the water. Just beyond where the musicians sat was an opening, showing the lake and a little landing-stage; as we stepped on to the latter a most enchanting scene presented itself. Stretched before us was a large expanse of water, as calm as a mill pond, reflecting as in a looking-glass the deep blue sky and the surrounding mountain peaks. Opposite to us, the Black Thunder mountain (*Goenoeng*

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Goentor) stood out grim and stern, and behind it were the outlines of other peaks half veiled in fleecy clouds. Fishing canoes were dotted here and there on the lake, and some distance from the shore men and children were wading in the water, catching fish in big baskets similar in shape to the tiny ones we had bought from the children. Into these the fish are enticed by bait, and once in, they cannot get out. Flat tray-like baskets poised on the heads of the fishers are used to receive the fish thus caught; the basket trap being emptied is then ready to be filled again. How they managed to wade and fish and keep these baskets balanced on their heads without any apparent fastening, was a mystery, which heightened the magic and unreality of the scene.

We were invited to enter the quaintest of covered rafts, consisting of a bamboo platform with a canopy overhead, supported by four bamboo poles at the corners. On this platform stood four chairs for the passengers, the whole erection being fastened on three canoes. In the two outer ones natives with short little paddles, shaped like cricket bats, prepared to paddle us across, while the centre canoe contained a man with a long pole, who steered our course as with



FISHING, LAKE BAGENDIT



RAFT, LAKE BAGENDIT



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the wand of a magician, and we slowly glided, followed by the weird music of the anklungs, over the glassy surface of the lake, to the opposite shore, threading our course among the fishers and waders and little canoes, in a dream-like ecstasy of enjoyment that cannot be described, so enthralling was the witchery of the hour and scene. Here on an eminence has been placed a summer-house or cupola, from which extensive views of lake and mountain can be seen. We stepped from our raft and followed a winding and rather precipitous path through what appeared to be an enchanted garden, so gorgeous were the flowers on every side, so heavy the scent of the perfumed air. Growing here, in the utmost profusion among tree ferns, were poinsettias with their flaming blossoms, pink and white oleanders, and the sweet tuberose, "the sweetest flower for scent that blows"; scarlet hibiscus with its delicate tassels, the pale green flower of the ylang ylang, and huge bushes of frangipanni, which the natives call sumboja (*Plumieria acutifolia*). The last-named is the flower of the dead for Javanese and Malay alike. It is sometimes used as an offering in the temples, but never for the adornment of the living. It is counted a sacred flower,

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always associated with graves and burial rites and dedicated to those who have passed into the realm of shadows. Fit emblem of the transitoriness of life; as the blossom is so delicate that its pure whiteness becomes stained if only touched by the finger or even by the fall of one petal on another. The flowers last a little longer when they drop off of their own accord; but even then, in a day at most, they become brown and decayed, unpleasant to look at or handle. Near the bushes of frangipanni was a curious water plant, the flower shaped like an artichoke or half-opened lily bud. Each separate petal was full of water that spouted out of it when grasped by the fingers; it is often used by thirsty travellers when other water cannot be obtained.

As we gained the summit of the hill, the tropical flowers gave place to the more familiar ones of the temperate zone, and pale blue convolvulus, dahlias, lilies, fuschias, and a host of other flowers, especially roses, surrounded us at the top. The roses were most wonderful, crimson, white, pink and cream in colour, climbers, standards, and bush roses, and there were besides, great clumps of maidenhair fern making a most effective background for these flowers. How delicious

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was the delicate perfume of the roses after the heavy scent of the tropical flowers! They filled all the air with their sweetness.

But even they were forgotten for the moment as we gazed in admiration on the exquisite scene before us.

Standing under the cupola, which was open on all four sides, we looked out upon a glorious panorama of lake and mountains. It was a wonderful prospect. The Black Thunder mountain still dominated the scene, but to the right of it was Tangkoeban Prahoe, shaped like the prow of some giant boat. In the South the smoke of Papandajan could be seen curling upwards and losing itself in the clouds. Down below, like a sea of glass, the lake of enchantment glittered in the sun, more mysterious and fairy-like than ever. As we gazed from where we stood into its limpid depths we became aware of a large mass of water lilies floating on the surface of the lake close to the shore and extending along it for some distance. Some were a beautiful mauve colour, others more a blue shade, and others again white. They were a large size and had enormous green leaves, and looked perfectly lovely lying on the water. Near us on the hill

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was growing a high tree with vivid red flowers, something like the coral tree of Australia, only that it had leaves.

I wish I could convey any idea of the unequalled beauty of the whole scene. The glorious summer's day and almost cloudless sky made a perfect setting for the fairy-like lake on whose calm surface the fantastic rafts and little canoes glided to and fro, and in whose depths were reflected the massive rugged mountains that walled it in, as though providing a gigantic rampart to keep that idyllic spot concealed from the world. As we lingered inhaling the rich perfume of roses and tropical flowers with which the air was laden, and gazing on the multitudinous hues of plants and blossoms, a magical spell seemed cast over us, transporting us to a scene in the Arabian Nights, and we could have remained there for hours, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." But the spell was broken by inexorable Time, who waits for no man, and reluctantly we descended the flowery path to the bottom of the hill where our raft awaited us. That marvellous scene, however, will always remain as an abiding memory.

At the foot of the hill little children brought



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us large bunches of the water lily and other flowers. Some posies were apparently composed of a remarkable and variegated flower that we had not seen before. Not until we had bought and examined them closely did we discover that this many-hued flower was in reality a number of detached petals from various flowers so cleverly fastened together that the collection appeared as one unusual flower.

A wave of the hand and our magical raft came alongside and we stepped on board to be wafted across the lake into a commonplace world again.

As we once more glided over the smooth surface of the water, our guide told us weird stories of other lakes, even larger than this one, hidden away among the grim-looking mountains around, in whose waters lurked the fierce crocodile and alligator. On the shores of these lakes and in the fastnesses of the mountains surrounding them, dwelt, he said, an ancient wild and blood-thirsty race of men called Atjé. They were the terror of the dwellers in neighbouring kampongs, as they sometimes descended on these in their marauding expeditions, plundering and slaying in a wholesale manner. This tribe worshipped the crocodiles and alligators in their lakes, and

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had a curious tradition that if an Atjé dreamed that he was eaten by one of these horrible beasts, it was a sign that his life was forfeit and he must instantly make the dream a reality, by giving himself as a meal to the first crocodile he could find. These wild men are most cunning, and sometimes put on the veneer of civilisation for their own purposes, as when they want to get over to Borneo or Sumatra or one of the other islands. Once two of them came down and took their passages in one of the small coasting ships that visit the islands. They were not recognised as members of this fierce tribe, so no precautions were taken. When the boat was found at its destination the crew and all the passengers were dead, killed by the wild men, who had also stolen everything of value from the ship and had disappeared with their booty. Now when any of these lawless folk seek to cross to another place in the company of civilised people, they are secured in a large iron cage on deck and closely guarded till they are put on shore, so that there shall be no repetition of this murderous deed. Not far from the district where these savages dwell, is another place in the mountains called Banjarmassin, where glittering diamonds can be found, if indeed one

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cares to risk one's life in getting them, as these fierce denizens of the hills are not friendly to outsiders. They have never been conquered and are the despair of the Dutch Government.

With such tales beguiling the time, we were all too soon at the other side of the lake listening once more to the mysterious strains of music from the anklungs. Some of these primitive instruments we were anxious to obtain, but the owners would only sell us a complete set, and these it was impossible for us to carry. We drove home another way in order to visit the hot springs at Tjipanas, where there are very fine mineral baths, some large enough to swim about in, like the hot lakes in New Zealand. The road wound between fishponds which are placed terrace-wise and are fed from the hot springs. These latter are five in number, each of a different temperature (104-108 F), and for the sum of fourpence one can enjoy a hot bath in a stone basin enclosed within a bamboo shed. The views here were also most charming, though they seemed commonplace after the mysterious and eerie beauty of Lake Bagendit and its surroundings. From the Springs a road leads up to the Thunder mountain, but it is a difficult ascent, and we did not

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attempt it. In the first half of the nineteenth century Mount Goentoer was extremely active and there were many eruptions, but for the last fifty years or more it has been quiescent.

Leaving the mountains, we went on through a charming little village and a lovely bit of forest, in which we looked in vain for the tigers, panthers, rhinoceros, and wild boars that are said to abound in the neighbourhood of Garoet. Perhaps we were not altogether sorry we missed seeing them, as we might have been the game and they the hunters. After traversing the forest we gained the high road we had followed in the morning, through the familiar rice fields, and we were once more within the precincts of the delightful Van Horck Hotel.

There are a great many excursions to be made from Garoet, the most popular being a trip to the crater of the Papandajan volcano; but as we had seen the Bromo, and intended visiting the crater of the Tangkoeban Prahoe from Bandoeng, we could not spare the time for a third volcano. To visit Papandajan one must start as early as 4 a.m., as one did for the Bromo, or go the evening before to Tjiseroepan, which is 3,900 feet above the sea level, and eleven miles south of Garoet.

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From thence about two hours' ride brings one to the crater (8,460 feet above the sea) by a path over white boulders of lava. Here the visitor dismounts and proceeds on foot to a point where the bubbling, seething bottom of the crater can be seen, as well as the walls, 600 to 900 feet high, that encircle it on three sides. The only known great eruption of this volcano took place on August 12th, 1772, when forty villages were destroyed and 3,000 people lost their lives. Surrounding the crater are mud springs, sulphur pillars and solfataras, and the noise made by the fumaroles and bubbling mud pools is deafening.

Another excursion, which I was most anxious to make had time permitted, is that to the Telega Bodas or White Lake, and it was a great disappointment to have to give it up. The Telega Bodas is a sulphur lake of a greenish white colour, in which the water is always in a state of bubble and ferment. It is 5,610 feet above the sea and enclosed within steep walls. To reach it one must drive to Padaharan, seven miles distant, and then proceed on horseback or in a sedan chair through coffee plantations, and a kind of wilderness or bush, till the shore of the lake is reached. The white colour that gives the lake

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its name, is from the reflection of the sulphur and alum precipitated at the bottom. It was not so much the White Lake I wished to see as a strange, mysterious valley close to it, and always included in the expedition, known as the Slaughter Place (Padjagalan) or Valley of the Dead, so called because the bottom of the valley exhales a poisonous and asphyxiating vapour, strong enough to kill any animal attempting to cross from one side to the other. In close proximity to this valley, is another desolate region called Kawah Manock, or the Birds' Crater, where are three pools, the largest of them about thirty feet in diameter; it generates and gives off a very dense vapour, similar in effect to the poisonous gas at Padjagalan; so that birds, flying overhead low enough to inhale the deadly fumes, are overcome, and falling, perish in the pool. No doubt it was this, and similar places to be found in the Dieng plateau, that gave rise to the myth of the Upas or poison tree of Java. This fabulous tree never existed except in the fertile imagination of a surgeon named Foerset, who published in 1785 such a circumstantial account of it and its death-dealing properties, that everyone was deceived into accepting it as a fact. According to Foerset,

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this most mysterious tree grew in solitary state in a desolate valley (something similar to the Padjagan) in Java, and gave forth such a pestilent exhalation from the poisonous gum exuding from its bark that no living thing could approach within a certain radius and survive. Animals that, hunting for prey or being hunted, in the excitement of the chase approached too near the fatal tree, were struck down and perished; birds flying low enough to breathe the fumes of death, shared the same fate, and the bleaching bones of beast and bird lay strewn over this valley of the dead. The Javanese knowing the deadly nature of the poison, coveted it to use on arrow-head and spear-point against their enemies, and adopted various expedients to obtain it. One was to offer life to a condemned criminal if he should succeed in penetrating into the loathsome vale and bringing back a portion of the poisonous gum. By this remote chance of life, some were induced to make the attempt, but few returned successful from the quest; most of them met the death they had tried to escape, were overcome and stupified, and their bones left to mingle with those of the animals that already lay whitening in the sun. So runs Foerset's tale!

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This fascinating theme inspired the brush of at least one British painter, and years ago there was exhibited at South Kensington Museum a large painting by Frank Danby, A.R.A., entitled "The Upas or Poison Tree of Java." In it the painter depicts a desolate, rocky valley, sombre and drear, with no vegetation other than the one solitary poison tree, its gnarled roots spreading over the stony ground, on which lie the bleaching bones of animals and birds who have fallen victims to its malign power. In the foreground of the picture is a man, the criminal, bound on his dangerous errand, his hands held before his face as though to shut out the ghastly scene before him, and he appears to be summoning up resolution to approach the tree. A vulture that has hovered too low in winging its flight across the ravine, lies dead with outstretched wings at his feet, a portent of his own fate. The picture was a wonderful effort of the imagination and had a great fascination for me. Many a time have I stood and gazed at it, little thinking then that I should one day visit the land of the Upas Tree. This picture is no longer on view, it had to be withdrawn from exhibition as, unfortunately, the surface was cracking all over and the painting in



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danger of obliteration. Through the courtesy of A. P. Oppé, Esq., Deputy Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, it was specially brought out for me to see, and I was much shocked at its condition. It was with difficulty the details could be discerned.

There is a tree called the Upas that grows in Java which contains a sap of a milky appearance, which when taken internally or injected into the blood, acts as an immediate and deadly poison; it was formerly used by the Javanese to poison their spears and arrow-heads in time of war. But this tree grows in the forests with other trees and exercises no deleterious effect on them or on the surrounding vegetation. The Guwa Upas or valley of poison, in which the tree was supposed to grow, may well be the Valley of the Dead, with its layer of carbonic acid gas, so destructive to both animal and vegetable life, or it may be that which is situated near the White Lake, whose deadly fumes have a like disastrous effect. Or it may be the valley or plain, 20 miles long and 8 or 10 wide, in the Dieng Mountains, the crater of a long extinct volcano which is encircled by a chain of green hills. These so keep out air and wind that the noxious gas oozing up from the

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sandy bottom of the crater cannot be blown away, but is retained in such quantities that animals coming down from the hills and seeking to cross the plain are overpowered by the fumes, and their skeletons lie strewn around, with those of the birds who, weary in their flight, have dropped down into the valley to rise again no more. It was a happy inspiration on the part of Foerset to transplant the Upas tree into such a valley, and attribute to it the deadly effects of the poisonous gas.

The afternoon of our visit to Lake Bagendit we had a very delightful walk about Garoet and visited the passer, where we bought some quaint baskets which are made to come in two, so that you can use one part without the other. We saw also the Kapok tree (*Eriodendron*) growing, its thick seed capsules contain a fibre which resembles cotton, but is too short and brittle for spinning; it makes, however, most excellent stuffing for pillows instead of feathers, and is used in upholstery. The wealth of flowers at Garoet was amazing, huge magnolias with enormous blossoms, oleander trees with pink and white flowers in great abundance, and hibiscus and trees with flaming blossoms abounded; the many-

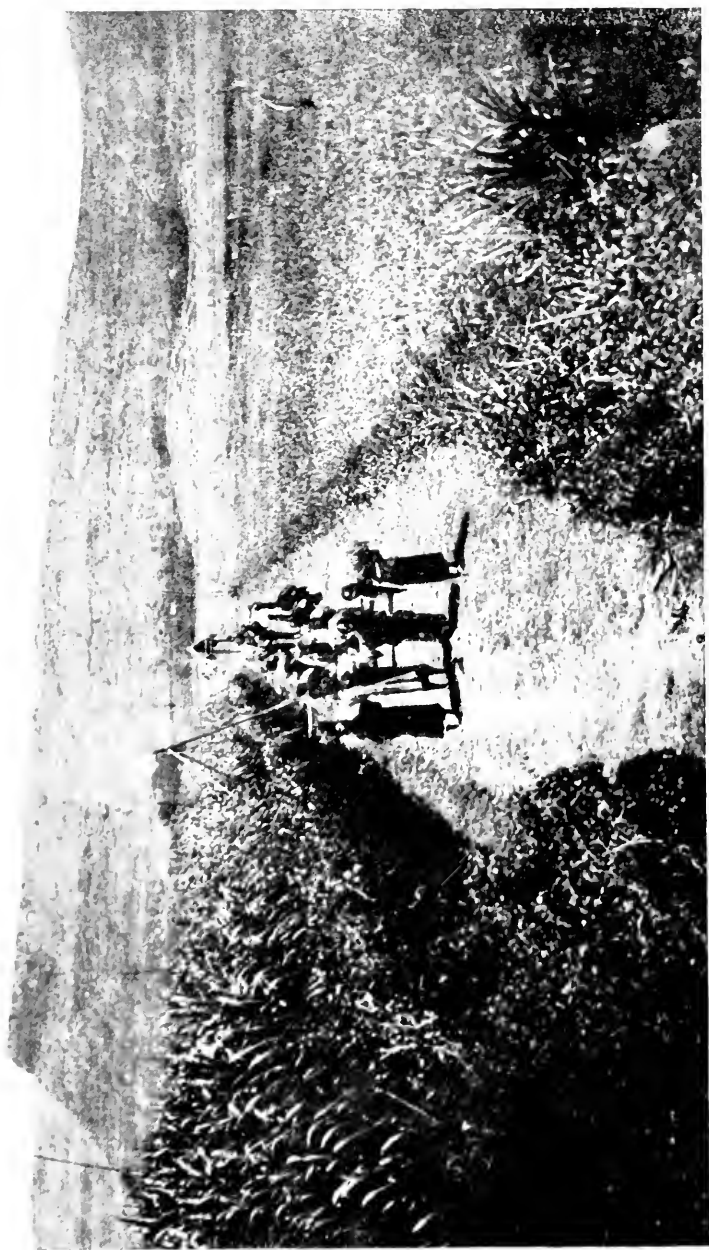
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hued crotons were most numerous and beautiful. The hats the natives wore at Garoet seemed bigger than elsewhere. We met natives carrying a number of these in various shades of red and blue, dangling from a long bamboo pole which was supported at either end on the shoulder of a man. We wanted to buy two of the biggest, in size resembling a cart-wheel, but the counsels of prudence prevailed, as we did not see how it was possible to carry them. Finally we contented ourselves with two of a medium size; but even with these the problem of carriage was a serious consideration, as we had nothing large enough to hold them. In the end we carried them as they were, all through Java, to the accompaniment of unkind and withering remarks from friends who should have known better, and the amused looks and smiles of the natives at railway stations and hotels. This embarrassing position continued until we reached Singapore, where a large basket was bought for them, and they were despatched to England.

On our return to the hotel to get ready for dinner we were astonished to find that the Dutch ladies even in that cooler climate wore the Sarong and Kabaia the whole day, and went about with-

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out stockings in heelless slippers. There is not the same excuse for this in Garoet as there is in steaming Sourabaya, and if the ladies only knew what frights they looked with their large stout persons encased in a costume only suitable for the small, slim Javanese women, they would not think of wearing it. I presume they prefer comfort to elegance; it is only in this way I can account for their disregard of appearances. Early next morning a whole crowd of natives came to our portion of the verandah eager to display various articles of merchandise they had brought to sell, such as sarongs, slendangs, brass work, etc. Among other things were some of the curious bamboo musical instruments, and my sister-in-law and I each purchased one of the smallest of these, just to show what they were like. I got a square of the cloth used by the men for their turbans, and asked the vendor to make it up into a turban for me; this he did most willingly, though he seemed greatly amused at my request. I also secured some of the dried aromatic grass called Bintara, which is dried and used for scenting linen and garments. Then we had to make haste and pack up to catch our train to Bandoeng; we were extremely sorry our stay at Garoet was so short. It



RICE FIELDS NEAR GAROET



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is a perfectly delightful place and there are many interesting excursions to be made from it, but time did not permit. The town itself is also charming, with its many pretty villas and gardens and lovely flowers.

Bidding a reluctant farewell to our landlord and his comfortable hotel, we once more entered the pew-like carriage at the station and steamed off to Tjebatoe en route for Bandoeng.

Between Garoet and Tjibatoe we had a fellow traveller who turned out to be a Dutch tea planter. He spoke excellent English and told us he had large tea plantations in the neighbourhood of Garoet, and that he would have been delighted to take us over them had he known we were at the Van Horck hotel. We were sorry to have missed such an interesting experience, but, even had we received the invitation, our time was too limited to allow us to take advantage of it.

Garoet and the surrounding district is the centre of the Java tea cultivation, and the tea grown there is much sought after by American and English tea blenders, to mix with Indian and Ceylon tea. The tea plant thrives best at a height of 1,500 to 1,800 feet, though it can be grown at most altitudes in Java, but it requires a well-

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drained clay soil. In former years only China tea was grown in Java, but now it is mostly Assam that is planted, and this latter has the advantage of bearing more leaves.

The process of tea cultivation is briefly as follows:—The plant is grown from seed, which is sown in a nursery, and then the tiny seedlings transplanted. Several times a year the plantation must be dug over while the young plants are growing, as the soil must not lie too heavily on their tender roots; they must also be kept free from weeds. About the third year trenches are dug between the shrubs, so as to give the roots plenty of air, and in the same year the first crop may be gathered. This will only be a small one, but each succeeding year will show an increase, and the trees will go on producing tea for a great many years if well cultivated and properly cared for; they must be severely pruned each year to prevent them from flowering.

The various kinds of tea are not, as one would suppose, obtained from different plants; the one tree produces all kinds, the quality depending on the position of the leaf on the tree. For instance, the best tea, both green and black, is given by the two leaves at the extreme tip of each branch or



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twig, and is known as Orange Pekoe; the colour depends on the subsequent treatment. The leaves that come next to the two at the top give us Souchong tea, and those lower still what is called Congou. To make the leaves into *green* tea they are taken straight from the tree and dried on hot iron plates; this prevents their turning black. For black tea, the leaves are exposed to the air until they shrivel up and are nearly dry, then they are put into a machine and bruised by rollers over and over again, and when sufficiently powdered are spread out to dry in flat baskets. The action of the air on the leaves turns them black, and when this has been achieved they are put through a final drying process, by hot air in a drying machine, when they are ready for packing and exportation. I believe something like 12,000 tons are now exported annually, as, since the Dutch Government renounced its monopoly in the tea industry in 1865, the output has largely increased.

## CHAPTER XII

### BANDOENG AND THE TANGKOEBAK PRAHOE

THE railway journey from Tjibatoe to Bandoeng is full of interest, and our train passed through some magnificent scenery. From the time we left Djokjakarta we had been gradually ascending into the mountainous provinces of the Preanger (Preanger Regentschappen), which extend along the south-west of Java. At Tjibatoe, where we changed for Garoet, we had reached almost the highest point, 3,000 feet; the railway line there has been called the "Tropical St. Gothard," but the culminating point of the whole route is undoubtedly at Leles, just beyond Tjibatoe, where the scenery is most superb and inspiring. At Leles the Great Black Thunder mountain directly faces you, and there is a splendid view of the dome-shaped Haroman, a lofty mountain, which, though so high, is yet cultivated in terraces right up to the summit, while on the left of it stands out the Dead Kling mountain. We caught glimpses of many-hued wild flowers and variegated shrubs

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as we went along, for our train, though called an express, did not come up to our idea of that term. We also saw (as we had done at Garoet) many most beautiful birds.

In the Preanger Regencies alone, according to Alfred Russell Wallace, there are to be found forty species of birds peculiar to Java. One of them, the Minaret fly-catcher (*Pericrocatus miniatus*) looks like a flame of fire as it darts through the bushes. There is also a rare and curious black and crimson oriole (*Analcipus Sanguinoleucus*), and a yellow and green trogon (*Harpactes Reinwardti*), besides many kinds of kingfishers, hornbills, lorikeets (*Loriculus pusillus*), and other "strange bright birds" on "starry wings"; as for the enormous butterflies, their colours are too gorgeous for description.

We crossed the river Tjmanoeek by a long bridge (90 feet), and could see the water beneath foaming over its rocky bed. During one portion of the journey our train wound along a narrow stone shelf or ledge hewn out of the mountain, whose cliffs towered above us on one side, while on the other was a precipitous descent into the plain of Leles, 2,000 feet below. From our dizzy height in the cleft mountain side we had a glorious

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panoramic view of the fertile plain with its network of rice fields, rising in terraces dressed in varying shades of living green, while the rivulets and pools of water gleamed in the sun's rays. It made a wonderfully beautiful picture, one hard to be surpassed. At the top of the Kalaidon Pass we began to descend into another plain, and steamed rapidly down for about 1,000 feet till we reached Bandoeng Station. Here we alighted and drove to the Hotel Homann, which had been recommended to us as the best. We found it was a huge place as big as the hotel in Sourabaya, yet so crowded with guests that we could not obtain rooms close together, a wide courtyard separating mine from that of my brother and his wife. The guide too had to be accommodated at some distance, and in the upper storey. For this hotel had two stories, and was the first so built in which we had been. Access to the upper rooms was by an outside wooden staircase, which led to a gallery on which the rooms opened, very much after the Swiss chalet style. The hotel also contained an ordinary bathroom with a reclining bath, the only one of the kind we met with in Java.

We were late for the riz tavel, but were served with an excellent lunch, of which we partook in

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the huge dining room, which at that hour we had to ourselves. The food at Hotel Homann was especially good, and we had not tasted such delicious bread and butter since leaving the Luchtkeurood Hotel at Tengger. After lunch we went for a drive through the town, which is quite an important as well as a very pretty one, and which enjoys a cool, moist climate.

Bandoeng is the capital of the Preanger Residencies, and the dwelling-place of a Dutch resident and native regent. In front of the latter's palace, where the prince holds his mimic court, is a large aloon-aloon or square, and on either side of the broad shady avenues, which are called streets, the wealthy Dutch folk have built themselves charming villas with wide marble or tiled verandahs covered with creepers, standing among palm trees in pretty gardens full of beautiful flowers and shrubs; the variegated leaves of the shrubs as brilliant as flowers. But for the shrubs and trees the gardens would be rather stiff, as the flowers are planted in earthen pots raised on pedestals from the ground, and arranged symmetrically in rows in true Dutch style. I was never able to discover whether this method of floral cultivation, which obtains in Java in the gardens of

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the Dutch, was chosen on account of the insects who might attack the plants, or because of the overweening love of tidiness and order for which the people of Holland are famous. Flowers in pots are certainly more easily tended and kept free from weeds than when planted in beds, and it saves trouble. The gardens in Bandoeng fairly bristled with these receptacles, of many shapes and colours, but all filled with most brilliant flowers. There is a pretty park in Bandoeng, with shady walks under glorious trees, gay with crotons and flowers. The training school for native teachers was pointed out to us, and also a large and famous mosque. The latter we were only allowed to view from the outside, as we were not considered worthy to enter its sacred precincts.

Bandoeng is a great racing centre, and boasts of a fine course outside the town; much gaiety and merrymaking take place there during the annual races in July. The market is most interesting, and was full of bustle and animation when we visited it that afternoon. It was the only place where I saw the little silver brooches arranged in sets of three, connected by silver chains, with which the native women fasten their kabajas or jackets. Each brooch is a representation in very

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thin silver of the head of a goddess whose name, we were told, is Krisno Ardjoeno, a most fantastic looking personage with a long pointed nose (see cover). We invested in several sets as they are quite pretty; we also bought a yellow kabaja and a green belt or sash. The combination sounds rather dreadful, but they looked very well together, like the feathers on the yellow and green trogon bird. We found our guide most useful in bargaining for us.

Close to the town are the Tjiampeloes Baths, and within half an hour's drive is the pretty waterfall called Tjoeroek-Dago; but the great excursion from Bandoeng is to the crater of the Tangkoeban Prahoe. It is so called because in shape the mountain resembles the overturned prow of a gigantic boat. Legendary lore looks upon it as the petrified remains of the colossal boat in which the ancient Javanese escaped when the world was flooded; it rested on this mountain, and as the waters fell the occupants descended into the plain, and in process of time peopled the islands of the East. We had planned to visit this famous volcano next day, so had no time for the lesser excursions, nor opportunity, as the rain began to come down heavily, and we were glad to escape to the

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shelter of our hotel and rest awhile before dinner. The latter was not served until 9 o'clock, and when at that hour we entered the dining room we found it crowded with a gaily-dressed assemblage. The gentlemen in evening dress, and the ladies in their low-necked silks and satins presented a wonderful contrast to their appearance in the daytime. Especially was this the case with the ladies who go about till late in the afternoon in the scanty and tight sarong skirt and loose white jacket, their bare feet thrust into heel-less shoes. If they only could see themselves as others see them!

Immediately after dinner, in view of our early start next morning, we retired to our rooms, for we were to be called soon after 5 a.m. I seemed only to have been asleep about five minutes, when a rattle of cup and saucer announced that it was morning and tea was awaiting me outside on the verandah. It helped to waken me up, and I was soon dressed. I looked across the court several times to the door of my brother and sister-in-law's room, and as it was open I presumed they had been called, but time went on, no one seemed moving, no tea equipage was visible on their verandah, and I became alarmed, and went across to find out what they were doing. Imagine my consternation



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at finding them wrapped in peaceful slumber, totally oblivious of the claims of Tangkoeban Prahoe or any other volcano. When I succeeded in awakening them and explained the situation, they were very much annoyed that they had not been called or served with tea. However, a vigorous hand clapping, the usual bell in the East, soon procured a native, who speedily brought the tea, and as my brother and sister-in-law completed their toilets with lightning rapidity, the carriages to take us to Lembang had only to wait a few minutes and we were soon "all aboard."

The carriages looked as if they had been brought in the ark-boat at the time of the Flood, so antiquated was their structure. They held three people, the driver in front and two behind. To reach their seat those whose place was behind had to clamber over the seat in front, the best way they could, a most uncomfortable, not to say risky, proceeding. Three horses (one for each of the occupants) drew this strange vehicle, and as soon as we were seated they set off at a gallop up the easy ascent to Lembang, about fifteen miles away. The road was most picturesque, and interesting sights met our view continually as we drove along for about two hours. We passed through pretty

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villages where the men were about to begin their day's work, or were squatting on their heels outside their basket houses while they ate rice from little round bowls, or drank coffee, which they take without milk, but sometimes sweeten with sugar. Their cooking utensils are of the simplest, just a pan of charcoal and a couple of pots and they are independent of fire or stove. We passed a group of native women, about a dozen in number, who had their hair done up high on their heads, surmounted by curiously-shaped horn combs. Our guide told us these were women from Sumatra, and this was their distinctive headgear; as the Javanese women wear no combs, and have their hair drawn tightly from the face into a knot behind. These Sumatra women were on their way to the passer (market), and we met various people bound for the same place. One was a baker with two little tin trunks, with round tops, swinging at the ends of the bamboo pole across his shoulder. Another was a fruit seller, and carried delicious looking fruit on flat baskets in the same style. The most curious figure was a vendor of syrups or fruit juice, as he had his bottles of syrup poised on either side of an arch-like erection, on which the glasses for

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drinking the liquid were arranged in a semi-circle. It was all most fascinating, and we greatly enjoyed our drive in the fresh morning air.

There is a capital hotel at Lembang standing in a spacious garden filled with roses, lilies, mari-golds, and many other flowers, especially roses of all kinds, and growing in *beds*, not in *pots*. The host and hostess were a Dutchman and his wife, two of the very fattest people I have ever seen. The woman looked the stouter of the two, but that was probably on account of her dress. She had the short, narrow sarong, a loose white jacket and bare feet in thick shoes without heels, and looked enormous. They were both very kind and attentive, and spoke English well. We had nice hot tea and biscuits before continuing our journey, in sedan chairs, carried by coolies, as the road is too rough for a carriage. Rough indeed it was, the steepest, most precipitous road it has ever been my lot to travel. It was a mere track like the bed of a mountain torrent, strewn with great stones and boulders, or covered with swampy mud in which our bearers sank up to their ankles. How the men kept their footing I cannot imagine, especially as in some places the road was so steep it was like climbing a wall or scaling a cliff. But

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the natives are like monkeys in the way they climb, and their bare feet seem to find a foothold in impossible places. The easiest part of the way was through large cinchona plantations, in one of which may be seen a white obelisk, which marks the last resting place of the great naturalist Junghuhn, who for many years occupied a villa close by and interested himself in the culture of the cinchona tree. This precious tree was brought from Callao into Java in 1854, by a botanist named Justus Karl Hasskarl, after a long and eventful voyage; at least so Junghuhn relates. The trees that had survived the voyage and were still vigorous, were immediately planted at Tjibodas, 5,000 feet above sea level, where they grew and flourished, and seedlings taken from them were planted in various parts of Java, and in the Botanical Gardens at Buitenzorg. Cinchona plantations increased rapidly, and the cultivation of the tree for its health-giving bark was taken up with much vigour. Certain experiments that were made proved that the South American species, *Calysaya*, imported in 1865, was richer in quinine than any other variety, and this is the kind now most generally grown. The cinchona plant is grown in a nursery from seed, and when

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the young sapling is about three feet high it is transplanted into the open. After four years' growth a crop can be obtained, but the sixth to eighth year yields a better harvest. There are several methods of obtaining the bark, but it must be peeled off with a horn or bamboo knife, not a steel one, which would injure and discolour it. The bark is dried in the sun, or by artificial heat, and then carefully sorted; the better qualities to be used for the preparation of quinine, and the poorer ones to be made into various pharmaceutical preparations. It is then put up in bales for exportation.

Cinchona trees have a great many dangers to contend with, as they are subject to various diseases. The roots are often rotted away by a fungus-like growth, or the branches are attacked by a blight that destroys them, but the greatest enemy is an insect that feeds on the leaves and sucks away the sap. In all these cases the tree must be burned as soon as possible, for there is no remedy.

The earliest well authenticated account of the medicinal value of the bark of the cinchona tree is the cure of the Countess of Chinchona, wife of the Governor of Peru in 1638. She had an attack

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of malarial or intermittent fever, and the administration of this medicine cured her. The name cinchona owes its origin to her connection with its introduction, and should be spelt "chinchona." It was also known as Jesuits' bark, as the Jesuits learned the secret from the South American Indians and spread the knowledge throughout Europe.

Our road led us among thousands of these trees, which are quite small, with leaves which have reddish tips. From these plantations we turned into a wild forest, like the virgin forest of old New Zealand; so thick is the undergrowth and so beautiful the ferns. Dwarf palms and tree ferns abounded; luxuriant creepers made a tangled network over the branches of the trees, and from these branches they hung in long trails, or coiled themselves round the trunks and stems; underneath were shrubs and plants whose rich and varied colouring shone vividly against the dark green of the tree-ferns. Exquisite and rare ferns nestled at the roots of the mighty and ancient forest giants, that reared their heads proudly on high, and grew so close together that a semi-twilight replaced the burning sunshine, and gave a grateful coolness and shade. Our bearers must

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have appreciated it, as it was terribly hot work carrying heavy sedan chairs containing full-grown and by no means light persons up that precipitous path. That forest was a dream of beauty, and we were sorry to come out into the open, on the top of an eminence, from which we descended a short way to find ourselves on a small plateau, looking down into a lake of blue-white water. We quickly left our chairs to look around us. On the other side of the small plateau was a similar lake only of a yellow colour. These lakes are the craters of the volcano, and one of them, the Kawa Ratoe, is still active. We could see the clouds of steam issuing from fissures in the sides, above the water, and there was a strong smell of sulphur. The lake or pool is constantly varying in size; sometimes the water disappears altogether. The other crater is called Kawa Oepas, which means poisonous crater; no doubt because of the noxious gases that collect in it; there is always water forming a small lake at its bottom, and it is 150 feet higher than the Kawa Ratoe. We scrambled down half way to the latter and picked some beautiful wild flowers, and would have made further exploration to see the sulphur and mud pools, but the sky became overcast, and a storm threatened,

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so we thought it wiser to return. It was annoying not to have a clear sky, as one should have had a splendid view from the plateau, right across to the Sunda Sea. But a heavy curtain of mist blotted out the distant scenes, and we had to be content with the clouds of vapour and bubbling sulphur pools beneath our feet. The last great eruption of the Tangkoeban Prahoe took place in May, 1846. It was a fine sight, but not nearly so wonderful as the Bromo, and to my mind the journey to it is infinitely more difficult and tiring.

There is no nice rest house on the Tangkoeban Prahoe, and we had to eat our luncheon in haste, seated on the ground close to the edge of the crater, for the mist was increasing rapidly, and it might have been dangerous to delay our return. So we hastily resumed our sedan chairs and began the breakneck descent. If it was rough coming up, it was much worse and more alarming going down, and I wonder we survived to tell the tale. Our bearers' agility was marvellous, and the way they skipped from stone to stone and kept their balance in slippery places was a succession of acrobatic feats. I held my breath in alarm, many times expecting to be precipitated forward and dashed to the ground; but my chair recovered its



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balance in a magical manner, and I felt reassured for the moment, only to have fresh scares at intervals. It grew darker and darker, and down came the rain in torrents while the thunder growled in the distance. We longed to be safely out of the glorious forest that had been such a delight to us coming up, and felt very thankful when the cinchona plantations were reached, and we were more or less in the open and away from the lightning-conducting trees. But if the road were less steep, it was much more slippery, and we seemed to have exchanged one danger for another. The natives had great difficulty in keeping their footing, and twice one of my bearers lost his and fell; but the other three held firm and one of the extra coolies helped him up.

We breathed a sigh of relief when the Lembang Hotel came in sight, and the antediluvian carriages seemed luxurious indeed, after our hair-breadth escapes in the sedan chairs. Our horses galloped wildly back to Bandoeng, evidently excited by the thunderstorm and rain which continued until we reached the Hotel Homann, and, indeed, for the rest of the day. So we had no further opportunity of exploring Bandoeng, as we left early next morning for Buitenzorg.

## CHAPTER XIII

### BUITENZORG

THE first part of the railway journey from Bandoeng to Buitenzorg is one continuous ascent until the station is reached at Tjiandor, 1,600 feet above sea level, and the line passes through some magnificent scenery, and crosses two rivers. A spidery-looking viaduct spans the first, the Tjitaroen, and from its dizzy height one can look down on the foaming torrent below, which rushes into a natural tunnel and reappears in a narrow gorge lower down. Another long bridge takes the train over the Tjisokan river, and from it a pretty cascade can be seen, the water falling from a considerable height down the craggy side of the cliff. Before reaching Tjiandor, the plain is dotted all over with little hills or mounds, both round and oblong. These hillocks have been thrown up by the eruption of lava from the neighbouring Mount Gedeh, which is one of the most interesting and remarkable volcanoes in Java. It has two craters, a smaller within a larger, and in the centre of the

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small one is an opening which is still active. After leaving Tjiandor, our way led us through countless plantations of cinchona, tea, coffee, etc., and these continued right up to Buitenzorg.

I have spoken of the tea and cinchona cultivation; that of coffee is very similar to the latter, as far as the trees are concerned, and the same kind of soil and treatment suit both.

Until the year 1690, when Java first began to grow coffee, Arabia was the only source for the world-supply of that commodity. In that year Van Hoorne, the then Governor of the Dutch East Indies, received some coffee seeds from the merchants who carried on a trade between the Arabian Gulf and Java. These seeds were sown in a garden in Batavia, and succeeded so well that coffee trees were planted throughout the island, and thrived exceedingly. Another version gives a later date for the introduction of coffee into Java, 1699, and states it was Henricus Zwardecroon who introduced it, and that it was one of the first crops to be made compulsory by Van den Bosch. It is also the last to be retained as a Crown monopoly.

The coffee tree belongs to the Genus *Coffea*, a tree indigenous to Arabia and Abyssinia; it grows wild in the province of Caffa in the latter country,

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and possibly the name may owe its derivation to this. The tree is an evergreen, and in its natural condition attains a height of from 18 to 20 feet; but in cultivation it is not allowed to exceed 8 or 10 feet, and is made to grow in a pyramidal form, the lowest branches almost on the ground. In its native home it bears a beautiful snow-white flower, with a fragrant perfume, but the blossom is short lived. The variety grown in Java has a bright red flower, and the coffee plantations present a delightful appearance when the trees are in bloom. The fruit when ripe is not unlike a small cherry, and is of a dark crimson colour. In each fruit are two seeds embedded in pulp of a bluish or else a yellowish colour, according to the kind of plant. From these berries, after they have gone through the processes of being freed from the pulp, dried, sorted, and finally roasted and ground, the coffee we drink is made. The coffee trees require shade and water, the latter only till the fruit is ripe, and they flourish best on sloping ground at an altitude between 1,500 and 2,800 feet. They bear fruit in the third year, but it is not gathered for exportation until the fifth or sixth year; a tree will last for bearing about forty years.

We descended rapidly through all these planta-



VIEW FROM HOTEL BELLEVUE, BUTTENZORG



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tions and rice fields, and enjoyed a wonderful view of the glorious mountains bathed in the glow of the setting sun, until it became so dark that the outside world was blotted out. Our carriage was only lighted by a solitary candle in a lantern, which but served to make darkness visible. However, we had plenty of illumination when we stopped at the large and well-lighted station at Buitenzorg. Here a messenger from the Hotel Bellevue met us. He was Dutch, but told us in excellent English that our rooms were ready for us and the hotel omnibus waiting outside. We were soon within in, and were rapidly conveyed to the Bellevue, which (in spite of the darkness) we could see was a palatial hotel.

We were given beautiful rooms with balconies; indeed, I had two rooms which opened out of each other, the further one giving access to a spacious verandah completely screened on either side and furnished like a sitting room. The hotel was quite European in style, and had carpets on the floors and curtains to the windows; but its crowning glory was its position; as from the balconies of the bedrooms most wonderful views are obtained. From the front of the hotel the river can be seen winding along in a valley of tropical vegetation,

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rustling palms and banana and bamboo trees growing right on its banks, while at intervals clusters of little brown houses look out from the mass of greenery. Light and airy-looking bamboo bridges span the water at intervals, and high above all Mount Salak lifts its green crest. The back of the hotel looks on to the pretty valley of Tjiliwong and beyond to the cultivated and forest-clad slopes of Mount Salak; beyond that again to the crater of an extinct or dormant volcano. I had the river view, and never tired of watching the wonderful panorama spread out before me, and the varying scenes and incidents of native life which were constantly taking place within a stone's throw of my balcony. It was most amusing to see the native families coming down early in the morning to bathe in the river, and the women washing clothes there and spreading them out to dry, which they seemed to do all day long; as for the little children, they splashed about in the water from morning till night, evidently thoroughly enjoying it, to judge by their smiling faces and screams of delight.

The Javanese seem to make every meal a picnic, for the meals are all taken in the open air, and it was a constant amusement to watch the



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families squatting on their heels round the little tables, eating rice and fruit, and, their repast finished, beginning their basket weaving or other industries, or going off with various kinds of merchandise at the end of the long poles slung across their shoulders. It was just like a play with the same scenery, but different actors.

Buitenzorg means "free from care," and it is the "Sans souci" of the Dutch in Java; the town is a large one, and is situated 853 feet above sea level in the midst of mountains and beautiful scenery. It enjoys a bracing and altogether delightful climate, and has the finest Botanical Gardens in the world. Many of the Batavian merchants have houses there, and escape as much as possible from the stifling malaria-laden air of Batavia to the clear freshness of the mountain breezes at Buitenzorg. Rain falls for a couple of hours every afternoon between two and five o'clock, and this moisture and the hot sun in the daytime make it an ideal place for the cultivation of trees, plants and flowers.

After breakfast at the hotel we set out to see the world-renowned gardens. They are open free to the public; but to visit the Museum, Herbarium, Library, and Laboratories, special permission is

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required. We were quite content with the public part, and had not sufficient time to see even the whole of that. You enter the Gardens through a stone gate close to the Chinese market, and at once find yourself in a long avenue of magnificent kanari trees, planned and laid out over 80 years ago by the famous horticulturist Teysmann. Against these tall trees climbing plants are trained and the trunks are covered with staghorn ferns, ratans, and large orchids such as the *Grammatophyllum speciosum*, which often bears three thousand blossoms at a time.

Right and left of the avenue are plots of ground devoted to the culture of various kinds of trees and plants, more than ten thousand species being represented. One is reminded of that once popular book "The Swiss Family Robinson," and that gifted family's experiences in the desert island upon which they were wrecked, where they found trees to supply all their wants. What had seemed impossible in fiction was here in fact; sausage trees with fruit shaped like that tasty edible; soap trees whose fruit is used for washing purposes by the natives; candle trees with what looked like clusters of wax candles hanging on the branches; bread fruit trees; the various palms

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yielding sugar, sago, oil, dates, cocoanuts, etc., together with fragrant spice trees of clove and cinnamon; all had their place in this wonderful garden. In addition, the whole array of tropical fruits, pines, melons, mangosteen, mangoes, etc., also flourish and abound. Hanging from the trees are marvellous orchids which look like butterflies or moths fluttering on the branches, as you pass under them to the river which flows through the grounds. On its banks a large number of aquatic plants are cultivated, such as mangroves, giant plants from seaside marshes, and the Egyptian papyrus. Great thickets of frangipanni (*Plumieria acutifolia*), the Javanese flower of the dead, are planted, to afford the required shade to delicate shrubs and seedlings, while in beds and on banks are countless many-hued flowers, yellow, white, red, interspersed with beautiful foliage plants, such as crotons, etc., which have their home in this tropical paradise. There is a fine avenue of banyans, those curious trees whose branches hang down till they touch the earth, when they immediately take root and form other trees; near them was a fine specimen of the traveller's palm (*Ravenala*), whose stems contain the water so welcome to the thirsty wayfarer.

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But in the midst of all the beauty were some strange, evil-looking plants, from which one turned in disgust, such as the Pitcher plant (*Nepenthes*), with its horrid pale green mouth that opens to catch insects in its sticky toils and closes upon them at once. There were queer twigs that seemed to crawl, and plants with long, creeping fingers that clutched at, and twisted round, whatever they could get hold of, and held it fast as in a vice; also uncanny looking orchids that seemed more animal than plant; all these gave me a creeping feeling of horror, and were such as one might imagine growing in a witch's garden.

Leaving these nightmare exotics, we came out on a beautiful green lawn shaded by wairingin and sausage trees in front of the Governor-General's Palace, a large and handsome stone building. It has a fine position in the middle of the gardens, with a pretty park behind it in which herds of deer browse quietly beneath the shady trees, as in Bushey and Richmond Parks at home. Near the palace is a large artificial lake studded with lotus flowers and great water lilies (*Victoria Regia*). In the centre of the lake is a gem-like island, covered with feathery palms, papyrus plants and bamboos, and a wealth of red flowers.

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A monument, in the form of a Greek temple, marks the last resting place of Lady Raffles, who died while Sir Stamford was Governor of Java. She was buried in this beautiful spot, which was then only a park, and was later made into a botanical garden. A special clause concerning the care and upkeep of this tomb was inserted in the treaty that restored Java to the Dutch.

A bust of Teysmann, who planned the Kanari Avenue, adorns the rose-garden, where roses of many varieties are cultivated; but they are not half so fine as those at Lembang. Special plots of ground have been set apart for the experimental culture of coffee, cinchona, tea, rubber spices, etc., so that the best methods of studying how to combat the diseases and dangers that beset these trees and plants may be carefully studied. But it would be impossible to give anything like an adequate description of the marvels of these famous gardens, which were established in 1817 by Reinwardt, and are justly celebrated as the best scientific tropical gardens of the kind in the world. From them we drove through the town and out to Batoe Toelis or "The place of the inscribed stone." Here in a bamboo hut is a large stone standing against a wall; it is covered with an in-

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scription in what we were told was an unknown language, but which is in reality the ancient Kawi or classic language of the Javanese, which is quite incomprehensible to the present-day native. It is regarded as a sacred stone, and offerings are brought to it and incense burned before it. Not far from the Batoe Toelis is a little shrine, which also contains a stone, on which is the imprint of a foot, said to be that of Buddha. If so, he must have had feet of a very large size and of most curious shape. We were now on the top of the hill on which the shrine stood; down below in the valley could be seen the river and the famous bamboo bridge which is here built across it. The bridge is a most graceful structure, with an overhanging arch, and is made entirely of bamboo. Our way back to the hotel led past a charming lake which was covered with glorious water-lilies, and round by gardens full of cocoa trees.

The cocoa tree has large, glossy leaves, and bears egg-shaped fruits or pods that have the appearance of being stuck on to the trunk of the tree. The correct name is *cacao*, and the tree, which is a native of Mexico, belongs to the genus *Theobroma* (natural order Sterculiaceæ). They are small, seldom attaining a height exceeding



PASSER, (MARKET,) BUTTENZORG





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eighteen feet; the flowers grow in clusters on the main branches and trunks of the trees, and so give the fruit the " stuck on " appearance. The fruit is oval in form, and not unlike an elongated vegetable marrow, about four or five inches in diameter; but the colour, instead of being green, is a dark brownish purple, and the rind is thick and leathery. Inside there are five cells, and in each of these, are arranged in regular order five to ten seeds, surrounded by a pink acid pulp. These seeds are the cocoa beans or raw cocoa. An extraordinary thing about these trees is that they bear buds, flowers and fruit all at the same time, though there is a fixed season for picking and drying the seeds. I got one of the natives to give me a cocoa fruit, and I carried it with me as far as Singapore, hoping to dry it sufficiently in the sun there to enable me to convey it home. Unfortunately, at the end of a fortnight, the pod began to show signs of decay, the drying process having been insufficient. Unwilling as I was to part with it, it became so unpleasant that I was obliged to throw it away. But before doing so I cut it open and viewed with interest the symmetrically arranged seeds inside; the pretty pink pulp, however, was quite discoloured.

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There is a most interesting market at Buitenzorg, where we saw a wonderful display of the fruits of the earth. Heaped in picturesque confusion were yellow bananas, red rambutans, green dukas, prickly-looking pineapples, dark brown mangosteens, giving no hint of their delicious interior, papayas, melons, custard apples, etc., tastefully displayed to tempt purchasers; all kinds of baskets, sarong cloths, cooked rice, and many native products were there for sale. It was the largest market we had seen.

A great number of pleasant trips can be made if the traveller has time from Buitenzorg, and the drives everywhere around the town are an ever-new delight. The broad streets and roads, shaded by lovely kanari and waringen trees, lead past charmingly-built villas, each in a garden which is a vision of beauty, owing to the rare exotic plants, procured no doubt from the Botanic Gardens. After the *potted* flowers of the gardens in Sourabaya, Bandoeng, and other towns, it was refreshing to look upon most carefully tended beds of brilliant-hued blossoms; not a weed to be seen, not a leaf out of place.

Buitenzorg is indeed worthy of the praise universally bestowed upon it.

## CHAPTER XIV

### BATAVIA

DURING the short railway ride of about an hour and a half to Batavia, we noticed that, as at Buitenzorg, the soil was a deep red colour, which seemed to impart a warm glow to the landscape, the rich red earth contrasted with the many shades of green in rice field and palm grove, making a harmony of colour that was exceedingly beautiful.

Our train passed through a place called Depok, where there is a community of Christian natives; they are the descendants of the slaves whom Chastelein (a member of the Dutch Indies Council) set free, and endowed with land and money so that they might be independent. The railway line also skirts a bit of primeval forest, preserved by the Dutch Government, all that remains of the vast woods and jungles that once covered the plain of Batavia.

The station we were bound for was not Batavia proper, but the one situated in the Koningsplein,

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a vast open space about a mile square in the centre of Weltevreden, the new town or west end of Batavia. There is a very fine railway station, with lofty halls and excellent waiting and refreshment rooms, which would do credit to any of the capitals of Europe.

Weltevreden (well content) is perfectly charming and undoubtedly the finest town in the Dutch East Indies; its tree-lined avenues giving it the appearance of an immense park. In it the wealthy Dutch bankers and merchants have built themselves lordly pleasure houses, many of them of great architectural beauty. Large gardens surround these villas, almost hiding them from view, while the beautiful trees and rare flowers with which these grounds are filled serve to enhance the park-like appearance of the town.

We arrived late in the afternoon, and drove at once to the Hotel des Indes, which was even more palatial than the Hotel Bellevue at Buitenzorg, and we were soon established in a magnificent set of rooms. In this hotel the various sets of rooms are in separate pavilions connected by covered passages with each other, and all grouped round a main building in the centre of the plot of ground which the hotel occupies. In this respect it was

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like the Hotel Simpang at Sourabaya, but on a much larger and grander scale. Instead of gravelled paths occupying the space between the large building and the smaller ones, the ground was spacious enough to be laid out in grass lawns in which some fine banyan trees were growing.

Our rooms were in a large pavilion some distance from the main building, and were entered from a big marble-floored verandah, on which were a table, chairs and a writing desk. From this verandah two lofty doors opened into a huge room as large as a ballroom, furnished most handsomely as a sitting room and lighted by two wide windows. Two doors opposite to those leading into the verandah, and quite as high, gave access to two separate bedrooms, both of immense size, in fact the largest we occupied while in Java. These rooms in turn communicated with another verandah closed in with wire netting, having on one side a bathroom and on the other a door that led into the covered way connecting our pavilion with the next one.

We were delighted with our quarters, more especially because we had our bathroom in close proximity to our bedrooms. At Buitenzorg the bathing pavilion is a long way from the hotel, on

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the other side of a big garden. The bedrooms were furnished in the same manner as in the other hotels; but their great size and lofty ceilings gave one a feeling of airiness and coolness that was most grateful in the burning heat of Batavia, which has almost as trying a climate as Sourabaya; even Weltevreden, although it stands much higher than the older part of the town, seemed terribly close and suffocating after the cool mountain breezes of Buitenzorg.

We had dinner in a large dining room in the central building, and discovered that the Hotel des Indes boasted a reception or drawing room in which were Dutch and French books and papers.

Batavia (including Weltevreden) is quite a Dutch town, just a little bit of the Netherlands in an oriental setting. The native kampongs and Chinese quarters are so successfully hidden away on the outskirts, buried in palm and banana trees, that they are little in evidence, and but for the tropical vegetation one might imagine oneself in Holland. The title of "The Hague of the Far East" which has been applied to Batavia is, therefore, quite appropriate.

After dinner that night our guide came to us in great perturbation, and asked if he might return

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home next day, as he was not feeling very well. After some questioning we elicited the fact that he was mortally afraid of cholera, which was prevalent in Batavia just then. He wanted to leave the place at once lest he should take it. Cholera is always more or less active in Batavia, among the natives; but there had been a specially serious outbreak shortly before we came, and several Europeans had been attacked by the disease; hence George's alarm. Naturally we were reluctant to let him go, and tried to combat his nervousness and dread; but it was no use. So my brother gave the required permission. In his present state of fright he might have fallen an easy prey to the disease. We missed him exceedingly, as he had been most attentive and intelligent, indeed quite satisfactory in every respect. Since we had to part from him, it could not have been in a more suitable place than Batavia; as it is the one town in Java where there is no difficulty in finding people who understand and speak English.

Next morning after we had said good-bye, with many regrets, to our guide, we took a carriage to see the sights of Batavia. As we had business with Messrs. Burns Philp's Company, whose offices were in Batavia city, we decided to go there

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at once, and from thence explore the old part of the town, instead of beginning with the newer portion where our hotel was. From the broad avenues of Weltevreden we turned into narrow, crooked streets, in one of which Burns Philp's office had found a home. Anything more unlike an office according to our Western ideas it would be difficult to find. The ground floor was a dark place littered with packing cases, among which we picked our way to a ladder-like staircase, such as is used in stables to reach a loft above. This gave access to the upper floor, where in a large bare room a number of Chinese clerks were busily engaged at their desks, which seemed to be the only furniture in the apartment. A portion of the room was partitioned off to make an inner office for the Company's Agent. Into this we were ushered, and found Mr. McC. most courteous and obliging, anxious to give us every assistance in his power.

We had intended going on to Singapore by the German steamer, due to leave Batavia on the following Saturday, but found it was impossible to obtain the necessary accommodation. The next German boat would not leave till a week later, and we had come to find out if we could



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travel by some other line and avoid the long wait. The agent told us that a Dutch cargo boat, which took a few passengers, was to leave for Singapore on the following Sunday, a day later than the German steamer. It did not sound very promising; but we decided to take our chance in it. It was, moreover, rather annoying to find we could not choose our berths until we were on board. This important matter settled, Mr. McC. kindly told us what we ought to see in old Batavia, and accompanied us to our carriage to give our coachman the necessary directions. It was exceedingly kind of him to take so much trouble, and owing to his courtesy we saw much that otherwise we should have missed.

Batavia is no longer the "Queen City," the home of the merchant princes of the Dutch East India Company; the only relics of her former magnificence are a few of the beautiful old gabled houses, fallen, alas, from their high estate, and used now only as offices and warehouses. In 1619 the Dutch built Batavia on the banks of the Tji-Liwong river, on the site of the ancient town of Djokatra, removing to it from Bantam, the former capital of the Dutch East Indies. They spared no pains to make their Eastern home as

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much like a little bit of Holland as possible, and, ignoring the necessities of a hot climate, they reproduced the picturesque, but airless, red brick houses of their native land. They also cut canals from the river through the town, and planted their banks with straight rows of trees in true Dutch style. Unfortunately, this Dutch-looking town, having been built in swampy land near the mouth of the river, proved terribly unhealthy; the European houses were most unsuitable for a hot country like Java; the canals, instead of flowing with cooling water, became choked with the debris from the volcanoes, the stagnant water in them was a source of danger and a cause of fever and malaria; the death rate was appalling, and over a million white men died in the space of 22 years. The city of Batavia earned a bad reputation, and was known as the "graveyard of Europeans," "The gridiron of the East," the most unwholesome place in the universe, etc.

It took the authorities a long time to realise that the high death rate was due to the unhealthy position of the town; but at last they grasped the situation, and most reluctantly abandoned their eighteenth-century houses and built on much higher ground dwellings that were more suitable

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for a tropical climate. Marshal Daendals, with characteristic energy, set about building a new town in a better position, and did not hesitate to pull down many of the old houses in order to make the streets wider. Old Batavia is now only used by the Dutch in the daytime as a business centre; at sunset they depart from it and go to their homes in Weltevreden, where they are immune from the death-dealing miasma of the marshes that surround the lower town.

Our driver took us to see some of these quaint and beautiful old houses, looking much out of place in their present squalid surroundings; then we drove to the old Town Hall, which is a very fine building; from it we went to see the Gate, all that remains of the ancient Batavian Castle and of the wall that at one time surrounded the town. It is flanked by two life-size statues of warriors in bronze or some such metal. To me they looked very like North American Indians, but I could not get any accurate information concerning them. Not far from this gate, under the shade of some trees, is an ancient gun (Meriam) which the natives hold sacred. It is guarded day and night by the Javanese, and a fire is always kept burning before it. Tradition says that somewhere in Java

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is a similar cannon hidden away; when the second one is found, Java will once more belong to the Javanese, and the foreign usurper will be expelled from the land. Our next visit was to the old Portuguese church, but it was closed, and we did not succeed in finding the caretaker to let us in. It is a large, gloomy building surrounded by a graveyard. Beyond the church, in a lonely part of the road that skirts the canal, there is a high stone wall of grim and forbidding aspect. In one place it is surmounted by a man's skull fixed on a pike; beneath is a tablet with an inscription in Dutch and Malay. Our driver pointed out this gruesome object to us, and we got out of the carriage and walked up the weedy and grassgrown path that led to it that we might inspect it more closely. It was indeed a gloomy and sinister spot. Later we learned that the skull had belonged to one Peter Elberfeld, a half-caste, who conspired with the natives against the Dutch in 1722. According to Sir Stamford Raffles' account, the Dutch rule in Java was distinguished by an arrogant assumption of superiority for the purpose of overawing the natives, together with an unaccountable timidity that made them suspect treachery and danger in most unexpected quarters. Peter Elberfeld had

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an intense hatred of the Dutch; he joined with the native princes in a wide-spread conspiracy to massacre the whole white population in Java. At a given time there was to be a simultaneous insurrection of the natives all over the island, and every European was to be put to death. All Elberfeld's plans were ready for execution, when an unforeseen circumstance revealed the dastardly plot, and swift and condign punishment was meted out to the ringleaders. Elberfeld had a niece living with him, who not only did not join with her uncle in his hatred of the Dutch, but had secretly fallen in love with a young Dutch officer. She knew it was useless to ask Elberfeld's consent to the marriage, so arranged with her lover to elope from her uncle's house and get married without his knowledge. The night before this was to take place she could not sleep, so strong was her remorse at what she felt was base ingratitude to one who had always shown her the greatest affection and kindness. Wrapped in thought, she was gazing out into the night from the verandah outside her room, when her attention was attracted by the sound of stealthy movements near her, and she could distinguish dark forms that stole silently out from among the trees and passed into the house

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by the side door. Much alarmed, she went to her uncle's room to rouse him, but found it empty. Hearing the murmur of voices in the dining room, she went to its closed door, and looking through the keyhole discovered it was full of people talking in subdued tones. She listened for a few minutes and learned the nature of the plot, and heard the conspirators take the most solemn oaths to be true to each other and carry out their scheme of vengeance on their enemies to the bitter end.

The girl was overwhelmed with horror, and distracted at the dilemma in which she found herself, and she hesitated long between the affection and gratitude she owed her uncle, and the love and devotion she had for her betrothed. But the love for her future husband prevailed, and she revealed to him what the conspirators had planned. Her fiancé at once gave information to the authorities, and on the next night, the very night the elopement was to have taken place, soldiers surrounded Elberfeld's house, and he and his fellow conspirators were arrested and charged with their crime. All the native princes who had joined in the plot were put to death in an ignominious manner, but in Elberfeld's case the wrath and vengeance of the Dutch required that his body

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should be torn to pieces. Each of his four limbs was tied to a horse and the animals were then driven by whips in four different directions. As a last indignity his head was cut off and stuck on an iron pike, which was fastened above the gate leading into his house. The entrance was then walled up so that none might in future set foot in the traitor's home; underneath the ghastly trophy was placed a tablet with an inscription, a translation of which reads as follows:—

“ In consequence of the detested memory of Peter Elberfeld, who was punished for treason, no one shall be permitted to build in wood or stone or to plant anything whatsoever in these grounds, from this time forth for evermore. Batavia, April 22, 1722.”

The girl gained nothing by the betrayal of her uncle; she was not even allowed to marry the Dutch officer for whose sake she had given the information.

Leaving this desolate and uncanny place, we continued our drive along the canal, and could almost have imagined we were in Holland. A tramway that runs beside the canal provides a means of transit between the old town and the new.

The port of Batavia is Tandjong Priok, six

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miles off, situated on the Bay of Batavia. The harbour can supply safe anchorage to vessels of almost any tonnage. The stone quays are lined with warehouses, but no dwelling-houses for Europeans are built at Tandjong Priok. It stands on too low ground to be healthy. Communication between the port and Batavia is maintained by railway and canal; there is also a well-kept road between the two places.

We had now exhausted the sights of Batavia Old Town, so we continued our drive to Weltevreden, and visited the immense open space in the centre of that town, known at Konigsplein. Here are railway station, Governor's house, Regent's house, and the beautiful white building in the form of a Greek temple that contains the celebrated museum of the Society of Arts and Sciences, founded in 1778. Outside this building is a large, bronze elephant, presented by the King of Siam. A wide street connects the Konigsplein with a smaller square, designated Waterlooplein. Here, to my surprise, there is a monument, "The Lion of Waterloo," commemorating the battle of Waterloo. It is generally believed that that great victory was mainly due to British pertinacity and valour, but a Latin inscription on the Java



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memorial informs the public "that it was the courage and stedfastness of the Belgians who were then Dutch subjects that turned the tide at that battle, thus securing the defeat of the French and the peace of the World." One lives and learns!

In the same square (Waterlooplein) is a statue of Jan Coen, who founded Batavia in 1619; there is also an iron pyramid to the memory of General Michiels. From the Waterlooplein we proceeded to visit the Chinese quarters, which are extremely interesting, and we had the good fortune to see a Chinese wedding procession. On our way back to the hotel we passed the handsome club building "Harmonie," and some fine shops. The shops in Batavia will bear comparison with those in any town in Europe; one of them, called "East and West," contains a splendid assortment of Javanese curiosities.

We devoted the whole of the next day to the Museum, and yet had but a cursory view of its wonders. Weeks might be spent in that treasure-house without exhausting its marvels. The Director or Curator of the Museum was a most polite Dutch gentleman, and we were greatly indebted to him for his courtesy and kindness. As he knew very little English, he sent for his

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daughter to take us round and explain things to us. This young lady spoke fluent English, and took a great deal of trouble, as our time was so limited, to point out just the curiosities and antiquities that were most worthy of notice, and her ciceroneship made all the difference to our enjoyment.

The Museum is a perfect treasure-house of Javanese antiquities; here are displayed ancient weapons; curiously shaped musical instruments, gorgeous robes worn in days long past by the Sultans and Princes of Java; wonderful sarongs, batiked in a manner rarely seen nowadays, and embroidered with gold and silver thread; finely wrought specimens of ancient metal work; a large assortment of Krises, with damascened blades and jewelled scabbards; and exquisitely carved and ornamented chairs, tables and couches. Wonderful Javanese ornaments, such as necklaces, earrings, bracelets, etc., were arranged in glass-cases. One room was set apart for the grotesque figures and masks formerly used in the puppet shows and shadow pictures; these were most amusing. There were also models of houses and villages, and of Buddhist temples; the latter being in many cases adorned with precious stones.

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There were some ancient coffins, a rather gruesome sight, but we were thankful to find these had no occupants.

One apartment of the Museum has in it a famous collection of coins and medallions.

The entrance hall, which is large and lofty, contains statues and bas reliefs, and some enormous Buddhas. I think, however, what pleased us most of all was the old Dutch furniture, brought from Holland three hundred years ago, by the earliest settlers, in order to give a home-like appearance to their dwellings in the tropics. There were beds, chairs, tables, bureaux, chests, boxes, etc., all carved or inlaid; specimens of skill and artistic design not to be matched in these days. There was a wonderful collection also of old Dutch glass and china, some of which must have been in existence a century or more before it took the long journey to Java.

On leaving the Museum, after expressing our great gratitude to our guide, we visited the Co-operative and Mutual Assistance Stores ("Eigen Hulp" and "Onderlinge Hulp"), great shops modelled on the lines of the Army and Navy Stores, and also the large emporium "East and West," at the back of the Harmonie Club, and

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made some purchases in both places without any difficulty, as the assistants spoke very good English. We were greatly amused at a native we met on the way who was supposed to be watering the streets. He had an ordinary watering-can under each arm from which he sprinkled water on the road. When they were empty he filled them out of the canal close by. It was easy to see that time was no object with the Javanese, as, at the rate the man was working, it would take a day to water one street.

The funeral of a Dutch soldier attracted our attention on account of the lugubrious appearance of the horses attached to the hearse. The poor beasts, in that torrid climate, had a pall-like covering of black velvet almost reaching to the ground, their eyes looked out from slits in the velvet, and were the only part of them to be seen, with the exception of their feet.

They presented such an absurd appearance in their sombre drapery that, in spite of the solemn occasion, one could not forbear a smile.

The Government offices in Weltevreden are housed in the old palace of Governor General Daendals, and the walls of the Assembly Room in the same place are adorned with life-size por-

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traits of all the Governors of the Dutch East Indies.

Besides the " Harmonie " Club there is also a military one, called the " Concordia," where all the rank and fashion of Batavia meet on two or three evenings a week to listen to good music and display their fine clothes.

We had an invitation to the concert there that evening, but as we had packed up for our early start next day, we regretfully declined it.

We had to be at the station the following morning before 6.30 o'clock, which meant rising about 5 a.m. We were fortunate in getting a man from the hotel who spoke English to interpret for us, and to look after our luggage on the way to the steamer, so we did not miss our guide.

The railway ride to the Docks is through low-lying, swampy land, and we did not wonder that malaria and the deadly Java fever had worked such havoc among the early settlers in that unhealthy part.

On our arrival at Tandjong Priok, the port of Batavia, we were thankful to find we could go on board the ship from the wharf, instead of having to be rowed out to it in a sampan as at Sourabaya, for we had no desire to repeat our disastrous experience there.

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Our steamer was called the “ Baud,” named after Jean Chrétien Baud, a distinguished Dutchman. We were specially interested in it, for it was the first steamer in which we had been, where oil fuel was used.

The captain told us that oil was much cheaper and more satisfactory than coal, and that he should use 700 tons in the two days’ passage from Batavia to Singapore.

It was with much regret that we saw the shores of the fair island of Java receding from our view; we had enjoyed every moment of our stay in that beautiful “ Garden of the East,” and throughout our journeyings had met with the greatest kindness and courtesy from the Dutch officials and residents, and had encountered none of the irritating restrictions and difficulties complained of by many travellers. To this enchanting land we may apply without reservation a phrase well-known in relation to another of the world’s loveliest spots:—See—*/ava*—and die!

THE END

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